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MISS ESSEX FRENCH.

100, Victoria Street, S.W. 1.

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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A "Society of England"?

THERE are now so many societies applying their resources to the preservation of some aspect or other of the countryside that in many quarters a feeling is growing in favour of amalgamation. We have the National Trust, which buys and administers property; the Office of Works, which schedules and repairs "monuments"; the Ministry of Health and its local authorities legislating on planning and housing; the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, which advises on works of repair; the Royal Society of Arts buying cottages and, recently, a whole village; the C.P.R.E. and its branches working for the education of the public and the furthering of legislation; "Scapa" campaigning against advertisements; and so on. The C.P.R.E. provides a clearing house of a kind, in which the cases are sorted out for the appropriate body to deal with, but, as yet, its poverty severely hampers this vital link in the chain of work. The Royal Society of Arts is the wealthiest and most recent recruit to this regiment; but the Government departments are the only members with compulsory powers. While there is more than enough work to keep all these offices busy—those depending on voluntary help being, indeed, absurdly overworked—their very number inevitably confuses, and runs the risk of exasperating, the ordinary man, on whose co-operation each must depend. Moreover,

a multiplicity of societies each appealing in turn, and sometimes severally, for public support, whether of a cause or for the preservation of particular objects of beauty, cannot but produce the evils of competition without any of its benefits.

The crux of the matter is, of course, finance. If all these societies were amply endowed and in a position to buy or repair or engage in publicity without having to appeal for funds as each occasion presents itself, there would be no cause for apprehension. But, reviewing a few outstanding cases that have arisen in the last few months, we find the National Trust whipping up subscriptions for Stonehenge, the S.P.A.B. for Christchurch Priory, the Royal Society of Arts for West Wycombe, and the C.P.R.E. endeavouring—after the springs of generosity have been almost exhausted—to engage public support of Mr. Penrose's £10,000 "pound for pound" offer to set it on a sound basis. The public cannot be blamed if it views these successive appeals with mistrust. It is rare to find a man who can distinguish one set of the initials by which most of the societies call themselves from another, or realise their different spheres of activity. For, fundamentally, they all have one sphere, and one sphere only: the beauty of England. "So why," asks he, "have so many busybodies, overlapping each other, where one strong organisation is wanted?" Though at present the societies work in admirable harmony, it is easy to visualise a state of affairs in which one or more could incur the antagonism of the others, with deplorable results for the landscape. Meanwhile, they do something very much like killing the goose by requiring a spate of little eggs of different shapes and sizes instead of the regular supply of big golden ones that might be forthcoming if the goose were systematically treated.

The ideal of a central fund fed from the National Exchequer, by which the responsibility for preserving country and architecture alike would be spread over the whole tax-paying public, is a possibly remote, but most likely the eventual, solution. The present century has seen town-planning and housing made national concerns. The immediate need is for a merger of voluntary preservation societies, pooling their resources and prestige. This should not be long delayed if the problem of keeping England worth living in is to be faced before it is too late. There is no reason why the combined societies should not possess the power and importance of the Royal Academy during the first century of its existence. Already one of the group possesses a Royal charter and a splendid building. Modern conditions have made of preservation a new and vitally important undertaking, in part an art, in part a matter of government. In a sense, it is synonymous with civilisation itself, the old significance of which has been usurped by material progress. Industry, speed, wealth, and invention are not, as this age is in danger of believing, ends in themselves, but means to the appreciation of intellectual and spiritual values of which Nature is the source. But the means will destroy the end unless all cultured persons and bodies unite to guard civilisation from "progress." Such a "Society of England," with its specialised committees for administration, purchase, repair and education, would command universal respect and could justifiably be given annual grants such as the national museums and galleries receive, besides organising private and special benefactions. Prominent members of several of the societies in question already realise the desirability of union. If only for economy in overhead expenses, it is obviously advisable. For efficiency and power of appeal it is urgently to be recommended.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Miss Essex French, elder daughter of Major the Hon. Edward and Mrs. French, and a granddaughter of the late Field-Marshal the Earl of Ypres.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES

HIS MAJESTY'S desire that June 16th shall be set apart as a Thanksgiving Day for his recovery from his long and serious illness will meet with a heartfelt response from the whole nation. The public has already had one opportunity of expressing its thankfulness in a practical way by contributing to the thank-offering fund initiated at His Majesty's request to aid the hospitals and to increase the national supply of radium, and the response to that appeal has been an overwhelming tribute to the affection in which His Majesty is held by his people. At the service in the Abbey in a fortnight's time they will have a further opportunity of showing their gratitude. By the express wish of the King no tickets for seats are to be reserved, so that it will be possible for people of all classes to be present. At the service of thanksgiving held at St. Paul's in 1902 for King Edward's recovery from his severe illness the occasion was treated as a State ceremony and few of the general public found admission to the Cathedral. In departing from this precedent the King has shown that he wishes to share with the people as a whole the feelings of thankfulness which are uppermost in everyone's mind now that the long months of anxiety are over.

MARSHAL OF FRANCE is such a noble-sounding name and the office one that has been held by so many famous soldiers that one cannot help regretting the decision of the French Government to allow the title to lapse. Although it was only revived to honour the great French generals of the late War, it was generally thought that the title had come back to stay. But in making this decision the French Government has been influenced by a desire to distinguish in a select company the six marshals of the Great War. They will go down to history like the larger band of Napoleon's famous Marshals of the Empire. Foch, Franchet d'Esperey and Galliéni—the last honoured posthumously—are gone. Joffre, Pétain and Lyautey are, happily, still living. But there are other great soldiers—De Castelnau and Sarrail, for instance—whom many Frenchmen would have liked to have seen similarly honoured. This, apparently, is not to be, and the supreme rank in the French Army, which, nevertheless, has such a humble origin—the *maréchaux de France* were originally servants in the Royal stables—will now once more fall into abeyance.

"NIGHT" has now arisen on the new Underground building at St. James's Park Station, and curious pedestrians pause to appraise Mr. Epstein's latest piece of sculpture. Mr. Epstein's group represents a woman nursing a sleeping child on her lap, the main lines being horizontal and the masses rather indistinctly defined—perhaps as suggesting darkness. It is a moving work—vital and, like some vital things, ugly rather than beautiful.

Beauty in its classic, and even Gothic, sense may be said to have ceased to be a subject for art, its place being taken by the inchoate force of life. Primarily, Mr. Epstein is a modeller, not a sculptor, one who moulds, not cuts. His style is well adapted to the expression of his vital personality, his creatures pulsate with an elemental force. It is the plastic, in distinction to linear, character of this carving that is open to criticism on this particular building, which is remarkable for the rigid cleanness of its lines. It is possible that sculpture more linear in character than Mr. Epstein's would have been better fitted to it. The transition from rectangular masses to vague curves is very marked, and to some disagreeable.

DIPLOMATISTS must, we suppose, be punctilious in the answering of letters, but it seems a pity that Sir Esmé Howard should have been drawn into the Great Prohibition Controversy as the result of sending a courteous reply to a fanatically "dry" Virginian. In any case, Sir Esmé's private opinions as to what his colleagues might be expected to do in certain hypothetical circumstances are purely his own affair, and only become of importance when they are misrepresented and made to appear as a suggestion that in insisting on diplomatic immunity the representatives in Washington of foreign nations are deliberately promoting lawlessness. It is purely a matter for an ambassador to decide whether champagne or Vichy water shall be available for the refreshment of the mission over which he presides, but he might well fail in an attempt to induce the diplomatic corps as a whole to abandon its obvious rights—however small the matter involved—in answer to a campaign of travesty and personal abuse. It is often found that those nations which are most chary of granting immunities and privileges to foreigners are themselves the most insistent in claiming every conceivable extra-territorial right for their own representatives.

JUSTICE.

Justice, why are you pictured by the arts
Divinely static? The illusion fails
When we discover we must break our hearts
Chasing the shadows of your flying scales!

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

THERE are a great many more people than the average reader of the newspapers would think to whom the troubles of the Café Royal seem to have a sort of personal repercussion. To read the average account of the old Café—in acknowledged fiction, in memoirs or the newspapers—you would imagine that, apart from the romantic arrival of Nicol straight from the ruins of the Second Empire and his starting an *estaminet* in Glasshouse Street with a borrowed fiver, the whole of the glory of that admirable institution was connected with the names of Oscar Wilde, Frank Harris and (later in the day) Augustus John. But the truth is that, amusing as the Café itself was, with its Bloomsbury-cum-Chelsea atmosphere, it was never more than mediocre so far as its fare was concerned. Upstairs, on the first floor, however, was a restaurant in which you not only had the best food and wine in London, but which had established itself as the only possible place to "dine out" when dining "out" was a sheer revolution. And right up to the very night when the old restaurant was dismantled and its fragments transferred to new and alien surroundings there was as good food and wine to be had as could be had there in the 'eighties. Alas, that the vast new building in Regent Street should have proved so efficient an extinguisher of that slender flame which Nicol first and Pigache and Judah after him nourished so tenderly for so many years!

IT is said that Whit Monday belied its name this year by not leaving the countryside so white with litter as is customary. The uphill battle for cleanliness is, perhaps, having its effect, and the millions who flood over wood and field are beginning to realise that the country is not a "no man's land," but a garden that they are on their honour to keep fair. In Surrey, a devoted group of persons

have banded themselves together to "clean up," and to draw the attention of litterers to what they are doing. But we cannot expect the townsman to learn not to make a mess of the country when country people are often the worst offenders. The disposal of indestructible rubbish is a serious problem in most out-of-the-way districts. At present, commons and hedgerows near cottages are apt to be strewn with bottomless pails, cans and tins. Experiments have been made in a few places in collecting tins by motor lorry at stated periods and selling them to a scrap-metal merchant. If the collection is well organised, the price obtained for the scrap defrays the cost of collection and baling. But so pressing a problem must not be left to local initiative. It should be the business of rural district councils to remove indestructible rubbish—a service that, when properly run, would pay for itself.

THE whole social system, said Miss Mowcher, "is a system of prince's nails." To-day she might say that it was one of ladies'—lawn-tennis-playing ladies'—legs. The entire world appears to be agitated by the threat, if we may so term it, that these illustrious ladies, whom we flock to see at Wimbledon, are going to discard their stockings. The fashion was originally set, we believe, by a charming lady from South Africa, a highly distinguished player, who is with us again this season. For a while the matter evoked little comment; but now we have interviews with other ladies, equally distinguished, as to their views, and not a day passes without someone producing a new paragraph. Despite these heroic efforts of the newspapers to give *him* something to interest *him*, the man in the street will probably regard the whole question with a placid and almost unchivalrous indifference. If the ladies find the new fashion comfortable, there seems no reason why they should not adopt it, although circumstances do, of course, alter cases.

THE real cricket enthusiast pants for the beginning of the season and is busy accumulating statistics from the moment the first ball is bowled; but the ordinary person, while never quite easy in his mind if he has not looked at the cricket columns in his morning paper, takes a good deal longer to warm to his work. It is only later in the summer that he begins to know the order in which the counties stand in their Championship or who is top of the averages. As far as this summer is concerned, he has a general impression that Hammond has alternated between ducks and centuries and that for some mysterious reason not wholly attributable to the weather strong batting sides have been tumbling out before not particularly strong bowlers. However, last week something did happen to rouse him. Lancashire, the Champion County, unbeaten for two years, with a genius for sticking in and making a draw of it in the least promising circumstances, fell on their own Old Trafford with a sudden and utter crash before Sussex. Sussex are a cheerful and refreshing team, and, though those dour northerners may finish ahead of them in the end, they have enjoyed at least one supreme moment of triumph.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY, whose centenary occurs this week, was one of the most versatile figures in the history of early nineteenth century science. His great invention of the miners' safety lamp has not yet been superseded, and has saved uncounted thousands of lives, besides making possible the supply of coal on which the industrial development of the period was so largely founded. His chemical discoveries included the isolation of many previously unknown elements, and his early work on electro-chemistry at the Royal Institution may be looked on as the foundation stone of endless industries to-day. The lighter side of his character was shown in *Salmonai or Days of Fly-fishing*, which is the philosopher's own treatise on this art. To-day it is still interesting because of its period rather than its matter, but it was a highly respected treatise in its day, and to Davy's advocacy of "Mr. Hancock's caoutchoux boots" we owe the development of waders. Like the leading figures in science to-day, Davy possessed the gift of clear exposition as well as clear

thinking, and his energetic personality made him an astonishing success as a lecturer.

DISPARITY between theory and practice is always appearing in a highly distressing way. Even when we know what is good for us, we continue to do what is bad but nice. For some time it has been clear to those who know the district that the new garden villages planned in the Kent collieries were hanging fire: houses standing empty and schemes left half-finished. The fact of the matter is that the miners prefer to live in the cheery town atmosphere of the coast towns, with their public-houses and cinemas and shops, bicycling to and from work, rather than to enjoy the simple pleasures of the countryside. Once again we have to face the gloomy conclusion that the industrial population is completely urban in its outlook. Life is the commotion and cosiness of a town. A slum is preferred to a garden. In other countries more recently industrialised than England—Belgium, for example—the people are fundamentally country folk. Dock labourers and miners live out on their holdings, largely self-supporting even if out of employment. Here we have to go to completely rural districts to find such ideal villages as that illustrated last week. Incidentally, an unfortunate mistake in the village's nomenclature must be corrected. It is no longer called Llanover, but has been given the more beautiful name of Tre Elidyr.

THE LAIRD.

The laird he was; wrinkled and spare and old;
On horse a centaur, masterful and great—
A priceless master and a priceless mate.
His pink was shabby, but his heart was gold.
I saw him buried yesterday, in cold
And drizzling rain. "A cynic incarnate,"
I heard one say, and then a jest relate,
As he was laid into the dank, chill mould.
First, in dark room, a priest droned on and on,
Prosing of life, of death, of deep regret,
Of all the merits of the one just gone—
To God, to us, who sat, our black clothes wet.
And then I heard, "Is that man nearly done?"
Saw quizzing eyes—"Old chap, a cigarette?"

JEAN LANG.

THE Cambridge Union is to come in for a welcome bequest of books under the will of the late Colonel Fairfax Rhodes, who has left his library to the Society. For the most part, the libraries of both the Oxford and Cambridge Unions have to struggle along as best they can with the small funds that are available for new acquisitions, so that any bequest of this kind must be something of a windfall. The Cambridge Union has a good library of music, and its collection of fiction seems to find favour with large numbers of undergraduates, who would probably admit unblushingly that they had never penetrated the portals of the University Library. One may wonder whether there will be sufficient space on the Union shelves to house the new bequest, and, if not, whether any new building will be contemplated. Extensions have been in view for some time, though, personally, we could wish that the whole club buildings might be entirely re-built in a style other than Ruskinian Gothic.

IF a Londoner were asked to what place of public instruction and amusement his fellow-Londoners most often resorted, he would probably answer "The Zoo": and he would be right. Some interesting figures have been published in the "Statistical Abstract for London 1918-1927." In 1927 the Zoo, made more popular than ever, as we should suppose, by the enchanting inhabitants of the aquarium, was not merely at the top of the tree; it beat its nearest rival, the British Museum, by more than a million of visitors, with a total score of 2,158,208. Next came Kew, a good third, and then the Victoria and Albert Museum. All these four were millionaires in visitors, and the highest in the non-millionaire class was the National Gallery. It will probably surprise those who know the west rather than the east to hear that the Bethnal Green Museum beat the Jewel House at the Tower by a short head.

THE MONTAGU'S HARRIER



BROODING THE FAMILY IN THE RAIN.

THIS season is the third in which I have been fortunate enough to see and learn a little about the habits of the Montagu's harrier both at the nest and when the breeding season had passed. I fully realise that this is a short time in which even to generalise, but the more I have seen of the birds the more I have admired and wondered at their perseverance and tenacity in endeavouring to reproduce their kind against untold dangers and persecution.

My previous article in *COUNTRY LIFE* was more or less concerned with one pair of birds and the finding of their nest. In this, I hope to describe what I have seen of other nests and of the birds and their behaviour away from the breeding site.

Three seasons ago I was staying in a district which was quite new to me, and I had to endeavour to find out what birds were in occupation, as it were. I, naturally, sought out the keepers on the estates, but failed rather badly to learn much from them, except from one that harriers were sometimes seen. I hope

I am not libelling the average keeper in England when I say that I have rarely found "gaiter's" knowledge of birds (except his own special game varieties) anything to compare with that of his brethren over the Border. I have probably been unfortunate, but I have so far never come away from a chat with a keeper in Scotland without having obtained much helpful and interesting information.

Under the circumstances, I had to "work out my own salvation," and during a stay in the district I saw the harriers on most days. Never having seen the birds before, I was at a loss to understand their method of working, and as it was a country which was one that was somewhat cut up it was impossible to follow up any bird to the nest, if there was one. By this I mean that the district was *not* entirely flat and chiefly of a marshy nature. It was made up of pieces of water some length in extent, a winding river, some quite hilly ground and many patches of woodland, but also large areas of marshland which I now realise were very suitable for the birds to make their nest.



THE HEN BRINGS FOOD TO HER BABY.



THE THIRD CHICK ARRIVES.



THE TWO CHICKS GAZE AT THEIR MOTHER.



A FAMILY GATHERING.



YOUNG HARRIERS SHOWING FIGHT.



A YOUNG HARRIER ON HIS BACK AFTER STRIKING UPWARDS



A WHOLE FAMILY OF YOUNGSTERS SHOWING FIGHT.



COMING HOME WITH RUSHES.

I think it will be seen that in such country it would be impossible to follow a bird or to take a line except in a case of very unusual luck. However, I saw both the male and female harriers quartering the ground after food; saw them drop for the kill and a male take food away with him. Obviously he had a mate sitting in the vicinity, but where it was impossible to make out, as although the direction he took after obtaining food was noticed, the nest might have been some good distance away.

I observed in later periods that the male birds sometimes appeared to go right out of the district for their hunting. The female I saw more frequently than the male, and from her dilatory behaviour I think I am right in presuming that she was an "unattached lady." This bird could be seen gracefully winging her way at all times of the day, and never did I see any sign of anything definite in her actions. Later in the same year I saw the birds in another area and their behaviour was the same as this lonely female.

Last year I was more fortunate as I visited a district of wide and flat marshland over which a great distance could be followed with the glass. It was here that I realised the remarkable evasiveness of the harriers and the great difficulties that the uninitiated are up against in the finding of the nest. My luck seemed to be out, as there was no nest in the area where previously there had sometimes been more than one pair. Although birds were seen quartering the ground, it was not until some ten days had been spent watching from different points of vantage that anything definite could be ascertained.

It is hard to realise the difficulty of finding the nest of a bird of this size unless it has been experienced. It is quite easy to imagine that if a bird is seen to go down at a certain spot, that spot can be just simply gone to. If this happens to be some mile or more distant, there are all kinds of stumbling blocks in the way which are quite unthought of. Unless a definite line is taken with, say, several points on that line, the chances



LEAVING THE ELDEST OUT IN THE COLD.

of discovery are remote in the extreme. In most districts, to walk directly to the spot is quite out of the question, and a circuitous route must be taken. I think that, under such conditions, it is obvious that it is necessary to mark the line properly.

I have mentioned the act of the bird approaching a certain spot. I would like to point out that this is not by any means a thing definitely to prove a nest, and it is not wise to start a search until something more definite shows itself. Nothing is absolutely final, I know, but an almost certain proof of a nest is the taking of food by the female from her mate. This beautiful act takes place in mid-air and is known as the "pass." The male bird approaches the area in which the nest is situated, carrying food in his talons. The female on seeing him leaves the nest when there are eggs or small young, and flies up to meet him. As they meet the male releases the kill, and the hen bird, turning in the air under him, either takes it from him or catches it in the air shortly after he has dropped it. I mention these two methods which take place in the "pass" as I have been

fortunate enough to see both, although some observers will state they have only seen one or other of these methods of receiving the food. As soon as the female has obtained the prey, she flies down to the nest if there are young ones and feeds them, or close to it if she has eggs and has her meal. It is delightful to watch the old bird picking the food which she has brought to her youngsters and gently giving it to each one in turn. When they are newly hatched, she tears off the tiniest morsels and with infinite care sees that each small mouth has its proper share. As the young ones increase in size, naturally they receive a larger portion, and their excitement in case they should be missed is most amusing to watch.

As incubation starts when the first egg is laid and an egg is laid every second day, the first chick in a clutch of five is ten days senior to its youngest brother, and when about eighteen days old begins to wander from the nest, to be followed in due course by the others as they reach this stage. To begin with they find great difficulty in achieving the herculean effort of scrambling through reeds and rushes, but passage ways are formed, and along these they run about to and from the nest. I tried blocking up these exits for photographic purposes when I found the old bird was feeding the young ones away from the



THE TWO YOUNGEST.

nest, but the older ones just flapped over the top of the foliage. Fortunately, the old bird came to the nest and fed the youngest, and there was an immediate stampede back to the nest, but sometimes not in time except for the leavings. At this stage the female did not stay long at the nest, but took up a point of vantage in a dead bush, from which she watched the return of the cock bird. The youngsters when approached are most pugnacious and lie on their backs and stab at any intruder with the talons, clinging on with remarkable power if they happen to get a proper hold.

This past season I have seen two more nests and the thing that impressed me most was the close way the hen birds sat on their eggs or small young. By this I mean that unless the nest is approached within a few feet the old bird sits tight. I think it is this characteristic which must often save the birds from having their eggs taken, as I have several times walked almost "on top" of the nest before the eggs were left. This is most gratifying, because I know of collectors having spent days after the

nest, and I am certain this "sitting tight" has been the only reason of the nest being missed.

I have never been fortunate enough to see the male Montagu at the nest, and it is doubtful if he does visit it except in unusual circumstances. I have heard that if the female comes to grief and the young are a fair size, he will then sometimes carry out the obligations of both parents. Although when one becomes familiar with the Montagu's harrier it is difficult to understand it being missed in a district, looking back I can now quite understand it. First, because its favourite haunts are these large expanses of flat marshland, and secondly, because as a rule the birds do not make themselves obvious by flying high above the ground, except when alarmed or during the "pass." I am sure that many times I have failed to pick up a bird quietly flying along just above the ground and carefully quartering it for food.

All observations are open to criticism, and rightly so, and such personal views that I may have written down may clash with those of others who may be in a better position to judge, but I think it is only by the combining of such personal observations that any headway can be made in the fascinating study of bird life.

IAN M. THOMSON.

"ON THE DOWNS"

ONCE again the greatest of all race meetings draws near, and Epsom Downs, perhaps not quite so care-free as of yore, fretting a little under restrictions that seek to curb their winds of freedom, will attract a crowd with motives as varied for going to see the Derby as the colours of the jockeys on the historic day. Many people have never seen the Derby. Many do not really want to see the Derby—they want to see the sights, in particular the gipsies, and if the City and Suburban meeting is any criterion of what this Derby Day will be, the gipsies will probably be there.

That the four days at Epsom represent for a large section of the crowd an annual holiday in which the Downs themselves act as host, with their early morning haze of colour and their evening calm, with its spangle of lights, is no doubt the reason why part of the holiday crowd finds it necessary to sleep where they intend to stand, by the rails at Tattenham Corner. It is the theatre-queue instinct, when the theatre is the goal but not the whole reason for enjoyment. That standing for hours in a dusty street constitutes enjoyment at all may puzzle some of us, but it does. It is a pleasure in a busy world to do absolutely nothing for many hours, and there is companionship in such a conspiracy of idleness. When the setting is not a dusty street, but the sweet grass under Heaven, we can understand that more than a desire to see the actual racing prompts the Tattenham Corner queue to sleep by the rails. What a hot and bothered crowd they must seem who come by car and char-à-bancs and rail to those who have breakfasted with the morning sun and watched the light creep over the hill,

striking the white tents and booths and stalls, seeing the dawn break over a dustless Epsom while the greater crowd have watched their clocks, and taken their tickets, or sat behind their overheated engines in the mechanical, grinding press that converges slowly on the still empty Stands.

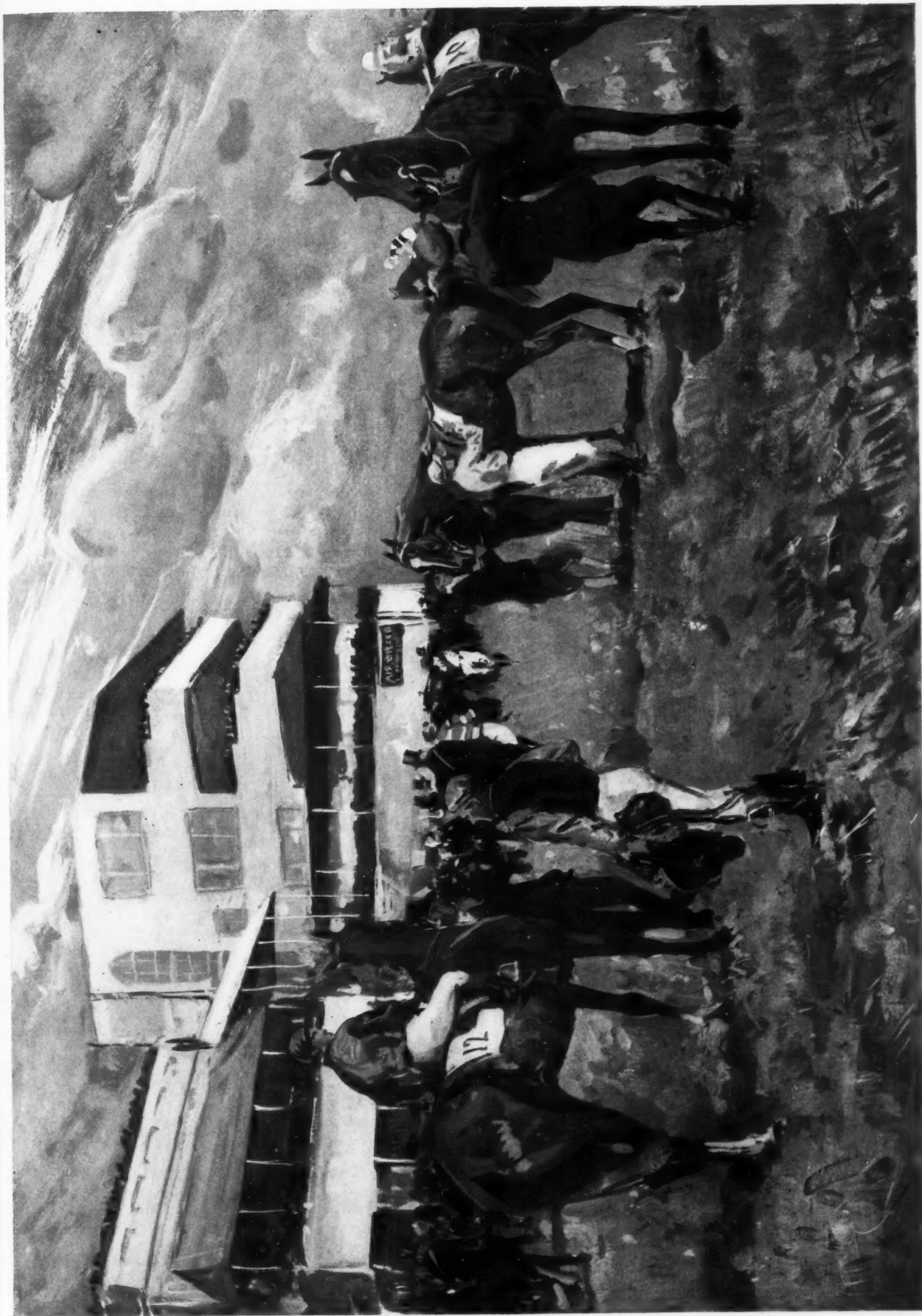
If the gipsies are not in force on the Downs this year, many will regret it; others may see both sides of the question and realise that to a large percentage of the gathering at this annual festival the gipsies mean little or nothing. Their picturesqueness is not always so conspicuous as their untidiness, and all are not gipsies who so persistently beg for that gift to the baby, and "good luck to you," which can be an expensive tribute to pay for a day in the open. But it will be hard to see Epsom without them, and if a certain flavour is gone from this most English of all English epics of sport, let us hope it may come back in a better ordered and more chastened form. But this is all by the way. The Derby crowd are out to enjoy themselves and trouble no more about the gipsies than they do about the elect who pass them in their top-hatted glory on the way from the Stands to the Paddock and back again. The crowd by the rails make Derby Day what it is, and often can they be heard congratulating themselves on the positions they have taken to see, as they call it, the people's race.

These positions extend from the Paddock to Tattenham Corner and from Tattenham Corner up the hill into that shimmer of distance where the tents and stalls grow fewer and there is more space for parties of riders to see what they can from the saddle. Few among this crowd that lines the rails indulge in

*Charles Simpson.*

WHEN ALL IS OVER BUT THE DUST."

From the painting by



From the painting by

"UNSADDLING OPPOSITE THE STANDS."

Charles Simpson.

betting—they do nothing but stand and watch anything there is to see, from the back of the nearest policeman to the kaleidoscopic flash of horse colour and silk colour that is the reason for their pilgrimage. And they listen, too. The sounds that beat upon their ears through the long day change from the rattle of caravan doors opening to the dawn, from the hum that rises round every quarter of the Downs as pounding engines cease and tramping feet prolong it, from the strident music of those devotees of religion who find relief in noise, dogging the footsteps of pleasure-seekers with their fateful rhythm of exhortation, like the tom-toms in "The Emperor Jones"—from all these things the music changes to quietness, sibilant with the whisper of June breezes past horse's mane and fluttering silk, as they go to the post, till the grand finale breaks in with the rattle of iron on turf and the whalebone swish of whips—a finale that gets a bit out of hand, for the best conductor in the world cannot decide the note on which this orchestra of Derby Day is going to end.

And, talking of finales, why has nobody written a drama with the Derby crowd as its background? Just a section of the rails with the course off-stage, and a series of episodes; some little drama taking place within the greater one. The idea might appeal to Edgar Wallace: in fact, it seems made for him. There would be policemen; there might be pickpockets; lovers, figures of tragedy, comic relief—all would be there. Sometimes a face seen in the crowd suggests a story. Many great novels have owed their inspiration to incidents as trifling as can be

seen any day in such a gathering, to figures as singular as those occasionally seen in a crowd like this. Hardy has confessed his indebtedness to such fleeting sequence of thought suggested by a momentary glance. And all the while the background of colour and the accompaniment of sound would carry the play along, as it does in "Porgy." There might be shadows, too, according to the best tradition of the episodic play—the shadows of the passing horses and jockeys, just before the end, when the scene fades out in a haze of dust and the curtain falls as the hoof-beats of the horses die away.

What a different play this might be to those racing melodramas once staged, when real horses pounded to victory or defeat on a moving floor! For that loud shout of "The favourite wins" (unless the mechanism goes wrong) the modern playwright would substitute the groans as the 100 to 1 outsider passes the post; and here the lovers might at the last moment come into their own; the pickpocket depart with ill-gotten gains; and even one of the policemen hardly conceal a triumphant smile as he contemplates happy retirement and brushes the Derby dust from his sleeve for the last time. But perhaps the playwright would be wrong. In a few days he will be able to decide whether to sacrifice his dramatic close for a more conventional ending, picturing to himself the favourite's colours disappearing among the concourse before the Stands, as the jockey carries his saddle on the return journey. The drama may lose, but more people, in the main, be happier if this is the curtain to his imagined play.

CHARLES SIMPSON.

ON THE AMERICAN PRINCIPLE

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

I SHALL retain many pictures in my mind's eye from watching the American golfers—Johnnie Farrell playing from behind the tent at Moortown, Hagen banging the ball left-handed from under the wall at Muirfield, Diegel settling down to putt in that fantastic attitude of his, and then starting at the click of a camera like a shying horse and walking round and round in circles before beginning again. None of these will be so vivid, however, as that of the whole team, as I first saw them at Moortown, standing almost shoulder to shoulder and hitting off ball after ball to the waiting army of caddies in the distance.

It was not entirely new to me. I had before seen American golfers at this "machine-gun practice," as somebody has called it; but it fascinated me just as much as it did those to whom it was entirely fresh and surprising. Whenever they did it—and they did it every day—I wanted to watch them, nor did I ever cease to stand amazed at their energy or to wonder exactly what good it did them. A shot or two just to warm up, to unstiffen the wrists, to get rid of the early morning bad ones—that is perfectly comprehensible to our conservative British minds; but these men hit no bad ones; they began by hitting good ones, and went on and on, though it was clear that they could not possibly hit better ones. A famous member of our team stood by me as I watched at Moortown, and he, too, wondered what good it did them. He said that if you put him in a field, he could hit as many perfect shots as you liked; what he wanted was to hit them in a match. It is not strictly true of most of us, as no doubt it is of him, that we can hit perfectly in a field, but it is relatively true; and his remark illustrates very well the difference between the British and the American points of view.

Now, these Americans are such thoughtful as well as such fine golfers that we may be sure they have reasons for anything that they do. They do not fire away all that valuable ammunition for nothing. They must find that it serves some useful purpose and that it does not impair their freshness and keenness for the actual round which is to follow. They do it, I suppose, because they want to make themselves as mechanical as is humanly possible, and all those shots keep the machine in running order and prove that it is running smoothly.

There is, however, something a little subtler and deeper than that. It seems to me that this is the Americans' method of defying the dread scourge that we call "staleness." Whether we are good players or bad players, we, as a race, are afraid of staleness. We say to ourselves that we cannot hit the ball better than well, that we have only a certain number of good shots in our locker, that we must take care neither to waste our freshness nor our limited store of good shots. By taking up that attitude of mind we treat golf as a capricious demon, acknowledged to be our master and to be propitiated accordingly. The American does not make that humiliating acknowledgment. He proposes to make golf his slave. He practises and practises

in order that his swing may become so mechanical that it will continue to hit the ball, no matter how tired or nervous or disinclined to play its owner may feel. If he can accomplish that brave object, then he has as far as possible robbed staleness of its power. That, at any rate, is how I read the riddle of that apparently unending volley of preliminary shots that precedes the real battle, and it is to be observed that the habit is not confined to champions. Every American golf course has its practice ground, and on the morning of an ordinary day's play the rank and file of the club may be seen busily "warming up" in this identical manner.

I have been an assiduous though unsuccessful practiser during an ill-spent life, but my practising has generally been done when I have been more or less in a state of despair, and so has consisted in a feverish search for cures. I have always been terribly afraid of wasting what I am pleased to call my good shots, and as soon as I have found a temporary remedy (believed, of course, to be eternal) and hit a few respectable balls I have retired gratefully from the field. Though, doubtless, old enough to know better, I resolved that my next practising campaign should be conducted on American machine-gunners' principles, and I carried out my resolution this very day. I did so, admittedly, in a makeshift manner, for I had no caddie in the distance and I took out only half a dozen balls in place of the usual modest three. The reader must forgive this highly egotistical record, because I have no one else to carry out my practising for me. If I had, I would gladly write about him instead.

In one respect fortune was very kind to my endeavours. I will not be so vain as to say that I was hitting the ball well, but I was not searching desperately for cures. I went out to my valley determined to drive on a certain plan, and that plan lasted me quite well throughout the whole of my absurd proceedings. Thus, I began by hitting my half-dozen balls against the wind, and all six of them flew respectably far and respectably straight. I walked after them and hit them back down the wind, which was a comparatively easy task. In what I may call old days, in my unenlightened and un-Americanised state, I should, at this point, have felt tempted to stop or, at any rate, to lay aside the wooden club and play a few mashie shots. I should have said to myself that here were twelve decent drives, that my theory was working soundly, that to go on was to squander the goods that the gods had given me. Now, full of my new American fervour, I exclaimed that this was the very time to go on and to prove to the malignant gods of golf that I was not afraid of my (I must call them so) good shots. I felt strangely disinclined to the adventure, but I persisted. I teed those six balls in a row and walloped them into the wind's eye; I traped after them and walloped them back. I went up and down that valley, getting exceedingly warm in the process, until I felt like the Grand Old Duke of York who marched his ten thousand men up to the top of the hill and marched them down again.

Still I went on seeming, in my own eyes, almost a heroic figure. I played across the wind instead of up and down it, I discarded a tee, I did everything to prove that I was not afraid, and, allowing for natural fallibility, the six balls continued to behave very well. I found myself now and again wishing that I could lose one or two of them, but put this aside as an unmanly weakness. It was an agonising moment when I had resolved to stop, and came to hitting the last six. I did so dreadfully want to end with a good one that when the first two were satisfactory I had to wrestle hard with temptation. I actually picked up the other four and put them in my pocket—but no! I would go through with it, and I did.

Well, thank goodness! that was over. I could go home conscious of virtue. Then a really horrible notion occurred to me. This machine-gunners ought to be only a prelude to the playing of a round. To be worthy of my American principles, having now "grooved" my swing and made sure that all was well, I should go out with an opponent. I cast one hurried and half-hearted look at the club house. There was no one in sight. There was no sound of anyone putting on the home green to disturb the silence. I made one hasty dash of it, came home and fell into a sweet and refreshing slumber. But I did not go up to the course again in the afternoon. I had to work; I had to write this article.

A FAMOUS TITIAN

AMONG the great Venetian pictures still remaining in English private collections none is so famous or so important as the so-called "Cornaro Family" by Titian at Alnwick Castle. However it may have come to be known by that name, it is certain that the title rests on nothing but tradition, and tradition has always been inclined to connect the Cornaro family with famous works of art, especially Caterina Cornaro, the Queen of Cyprus, whose brother, Giorgio, was supposed to be the principal character, the old bearded man, in the present picture. This tradition can now be definitely discarded, as the identity of the persons represented has been proved beyond question. Writing in *Apollo* in September, 1925, Dr. Gronau drew attention to the inventory of the collection of pictures and works of art formed by the Venetian art lover Gabriel Vendramin, in which the picture is so accurately described as to leave no doubt as to its identity. The inventory was drawn up in 1567, and the attributions are vouched for by experts, Tintoretto and Titian's son, Orazio Vecellio, giving their opinions on the pictures. It is dated fifteen years after Gabriel Vendramin's death, his wishes being that his collection should be preserved intact and should descend to an heir who should be, like himself, an art lover and of irreproachable morals. This does not appear to have been the case, as the eldest of his nephews, Luca, had begun to sell certain portions of the collection that had come into his possession, and it was after their discovery of this disregard of their uncle's wishes that the other brothers had the inventory made. The picture is described in the following words: "A large Picture in which is represented the miraculous cross with

Ser Andrea Vendramin with his seven sons, and Mesier Gabriel Vendramin, in a golden frame painted by the hand of Sier Titian." So unusual a subject as nine male figures adoring a cross would certainly not have been repeated in Venetian art, and, moreover, there is every reason to believe that Titian painted the Vendramin family, as he was evidently a close friend of Gabriel's and was called in to witness a codicil to his will two days before his death. It is now possible to identify all the characters in the picture, and also to prove that it must have been painted before 1552, the year of Gabriel's death. The old man is represented in front of the altar facing the spectator, the younger brother Andrea advances behind him, and his seven sons are divided into two groups, the elder ones kneeling behind their father, the younger children nestling below the altar.

The composition shows that rare combination of dignity with freedom of movement which characterises the masterpieces of Venetian portraiture. It has been rightly pointed out that the general arrangement recalls that of Raphael's Mass of Bolsena, and it must, therefore, have been painted after Titian's first visit to Rome in 1545.

The picture probably remained in the Vendramin family till the early seventeenth century. It is then mentioned as belonging to Van Dyck at the time of his death in London, and was acquired by Algernon, tenth Earl of Northumberland in 1656. It should be noted that no connection has been established between this branch of the Vendramin family and the Andrea Vendramin who had an illustrated catalogue made of his collection. That invaluable document, published by Dr. Tancred Borenius, can only be mentioned in this connection



THE CORNARO TITIAN: "THE NOBLEST PORTRAIT IN THE WORLD."

as a proof that the love of collecting was a characteristic of the Vendramins, who probably all claimed descent from the Andrea Vendramin first mentioned in Venetian history in 1380 and the later Andrea Vendramin who was Doge in 1477-78. Though

the recent identification may give an added interest to the picture historically, it will continue to owe its reputation to its magnificent quality as a painting, which places it among the greatest masterpieces of Venetian art.

SPANISH MEDITERRANEAN GARDENS

RAXA, MAJORCA.

THE Moorish and Hispano-Moorish gardens of Andalusia, so different in character from other European gardens, are not very numerous. The few that have survived, out of the enormous numbers quoted by the old chroniclers, are nearly all royal domains. Abu-Zacaria, writing of his gardening and farming experiences at the close of the twelfth century, mentions that the whole valley of the Guadalquivir for miles round Seville and Cordova was covered with beautiful country places, and the same was true of the Vegas of Granada, Valencia and Murcia. These happy conditions disappeared with the breakdown of the Moorish system of irrigation, the great blot on the Spanish re-conquest; and now, although Moorish influence is recognisable in garden design and planting all over the peninsula, we must look beyond the Spanish mainland to discover a series of private gardens of distinctly Moorish origin.

Such gardens are to be found in Majorca, the beautiful, fertile island which Don Jaime I, Count of Barcelona and King of Aragon, wrested from the Moors in the year 1229. The

epic of this conquest, one of the smallest and most successful crusades, has set its stamp indelibly on island memory. Old traditions and customs have also been preserved by a remarkable continuity in the ownership of the land, for estates have passed down from father to son without a break, so that the Twelve Companion Knights who sailed with the young prince on his venture of faith have left descendants that still hold the manors allotted to them in the first flush of victory.

These were, naturally, the country estates of the Moorish Governor and his chieftains, for the dreaded pirates who had long plagued the coasts of Catalonia and Valencia from the convenient harbours of the Balearics had a fine taste in garden design, and an unfailing eye for the possibilities of irrigation combined with a beautiful site. Wherever they found a spring or running water, with a distant prospect in its immediate neighbourhood, there they carefully laid out an *Alqueria* as their manors were called. One of the best of these manors, called by the conquerors Sons, a shortening of the word possessions, is Alfabia, the former country seat of the Moslem Governor on the Palma-Soller road. The vine pergola down the centre of the enclosure behind the house, supported on thirty-two octagonal stone pillars, is fringed by little fountain jets that spray the ornamental pebble paving of the walk, in the same fashion as the slender over-arching jets playing into the long canal at the Generalife garden on the hill beyond the Alhambra. But the neighbouring manor of Raxa, the subject of this article, has, perhaps, a finer lay-out, and one where the eight terraces of the Orthodox Paradise are more immediately apparent.

In the year 1234, not long after the conquest, Raxa was bestowed on the Sacristan of Gerona Cathedral, who had led the thirty mounted men furnished for the crusade by the archbishop of that place. For many centuries it formed part of the immense property of the Sa-Forteza family, who still own manors all over the island. From them Raxa passed by marriage in the early seventeenth century to the equally powerful family of Despuig. And it was a Cardinal Despuig, returning after a long residence in Rome in the late eighteenth century, who gave the gardens their present form. Like the famous Viceroy of Naples, Per Afan Ribera, who filled his palace at Seville, the Casa de Pilatus, with Roman sculptures and inscriptions so that it became a centre of Renaissance culture in Spain, Cardinal Despuig was fired by a love of classical learning, and brought back a remarkable collection of manuscripts and statuary to adorn his island home. Alas! these are now scattered again; only a few marble fragments are left in the gardens, the rest of the sculptures, together with the valuable manuscripts, having been sold by the last inheritor, the aged Conde de Montenegro. The marbles excavated by Cardinal Despuig at his villa near Albano, on the site of the great Temple of Egeria, are many of them, in the Casa Consistorial, the City Hall at Palma. There, too, is the map drawn in 1439, and later the property of Americus Vesputius, somewhat obscured by a large blot from the bottle of ink spilt by George Sand when she was being shown the treasures of the library at Raxa. After that, as she said, she fled out of the house.

The house that George Sand left so hurriedly is a simple quadrangle in plan, enclosing a spacious *patio*. Under one roof are the owner's quarters, those for the farm manager and his wife, the olive presses and vine presses, store-houses of various kinds, and the chapel. Its stucco



G. M. Villiers-Stuart. THE GREAT IRRIGATION RESERVOIR

Copyright.

walls and red-tiled roofs give little indication of its exact date; as at most of the oldest *Sons*, the plain Moorish buildings merge imperceptibly into Renaissance work without any mark of a Gothic interval. The courtyard is shaded by a huge "*Ladrón*" tree surrounded, in Eastern fashion, by a stone-edged platform used as a sitting-place; and at the side, close to the deep entrance archway, is the picturesque well, with its classical copper bucket and little stone washing basin resembling a font.

On the south, below the house, is a sunk garden with a fountain and box parterre; the labyrinth, that constant feature in a Spanish garden, is on a terrace at the side. The rest of the enclosure below is covered by an olive grove, with trees so old and gnarled and twisted, they must have been planted by the last Moorish owner. Through the light flickering canopy of their leaves glimpses are revealed of the wide plain stretching away towards Palma.

The main garden lies on the steep hillside at the back of the buildings and, like all Moorish gardens, is entered through the house. It is an enchanting place, dominated by a monumental stone stairway that leads from the first storey above the *patio* level up to a pillared semicircle enclosing a shell fountain, where Apollo with his lyre echoes the music of the waters and the pine woods. No matter that the laurel hedge behind the pillars is no longer clipped, that the statuary—what is left of it—is



THE SENTINELS.

small in scale, that the eight terraces themselves are but twelve or thirteen feet wide: it is the most delightful eighteenth century interpretation of a Moslem Paradise it is possible to conceive. In one way only—in regard to the water—the old plan has been changed; it no longer rushes down the centre in a series of carved or inlaid water-shutes, but is diverted on either side into little canals hidden by the parapet, so that it is just seen where it gushes through leonine masks as it falls from level to level, irrigating the terraces as it goes. The stairway is adorned with a variety of *motifs*; stone vases are placed alternately with little figures, and lions crouch between the favourite Catalan pillars bearing urns. But its greatest charm lies in its colouring, the soft grey stone of which it is built, mottled by orange lichen, harmonises to perfection with the purple iris filling the narrow terraces and the pale mauve stocks and delicate pink geraniums overflowing from pots placed in radiating lines on the steps below Apollo's shrine and on every convenient wall and cornice.

The topmost terraces on the left lead along the edge of the pine wood to the great irrigation reservoir, where there is an enchanting view across the water of a valley running up into the mountains. On the opposite side of the stairway a terraced walk brings one out past two cypress sentinels,



THE MUSIC OF THE WATERS



C. M. Villiers-Stuart. CYPRESS, OLIVE AND BAY. Copyright.



APOLLO'S SHRINE.



Trujol.

THE TOPMOST TERRACE.

Copyright.

guarding a narrow flight of steps from the house, to where a fountain tank is overhung by olive and bay trees. Cypress, olive and bay, these three inseparable companions of Mediterranean gardens, remind one of the "Three Friends" of Chinese pleasure grounds, the fir, bamboo and plum. In Majorcan gardens, almond, and the Aleppo pine, brought by the Moors, must be added to the list. Aleppo pines shade the great Raxa stairway, enfolding it in their cool, mysterious grace; but the garden to the side, overlooking the entrance gate, is in open sunlight. Orange trees planted in thickets perfume the air with their wax-like blossoms, rivalled in early summer by the heavily-scented Madonna lilies bordering the paths in thick rushes. These flowers, that Abu-Zacari recommends should always be planted along the water channels, alternately with mint or thyme grow wild in the hills above Valldemoza. The wild variety, with narrow pointed petals, is the only one seen in Majorca gardens, where quantities of white lilies are grown, with deep red amaryllis, scarlet geranium and silvery Cineraria maritima to bear them company, even the cottage well-head is a patch of marvellous beauty in June.



"ENFOLDED IN COOL, MYSTERIOUS GRACE."

From one of these little farm courts near Palma came La Beata Santa Catalina Tomàs, second only in island fame to Ramon Lull. There is an oratory to her memory at Raxa, and this is how it comes to be there. When she was quite young, so the story goes, she took service with one of the noble families of Palma, where she soon became known for her devotion and piety. Years passed, she fell ill with continuous fasting and other religious exercises combined with her work, which she never neglected, and she was sent to Raxa, a country seat of the family, to recuperate. There, weak and ill, sitting one afternoon under the pine trees, she was tempted of the Devil in the guise of a holy hermit (a favourite device of his, who tried to persuade her to abandon her self-denial, which had had so disastrous a result on her health). In spite of his plausible efforts, she sternly resisted, whereupon the Devil-turned-hermit grew angry and disappeared, "leaving behind him so sulphurous an odour, not all the Lilies of Our Lady, nor the Orange-blossoms of Venus, could dispel it from the garden for days!"

CONSTANCE MARY VILLIERS-STUART.

AT THE THEATRE

MR. RIDLEY'S SCHOOLDAYS.

MR. ARNOLD RIDLEY is best known as the author of the justly famous thriller "The Ghost Train," out of which he is credibly believed to have made a small fortune. I could wish him better luck still and desire that he had made a large fortune. For "The Ghost Train" was a very good thriller indeed. This play was followed by "The Wrecker," another admirable thriller. And now Mr. Ridley has judged the time ripe to bethink himself of those horrid things which have made the private schools of this country sinks of iniquity. That, at least, is the allegation. It seems to me unfortunate that Mr. Ridley, who is himself a schoolmaster, did not discover the passionate urge to tell the truth about schoolmastering until after he had got a footing on the stage with two successful plays, and what is more important still, until after the success of "Young Woodley." If Mr. Ridley maintains, as he very well may, that "Keepers of Youth" at the Duke of York's Theatre was written before he wrote his two popular thrillers and before Mr. Van Druten had made plays about school life fashionable—if Mr. Ridley maintains this successfully and can prove that it is only the stupidity and supineness of theatre managers which have prevented his burning indignation from coming to light sooner, why, then, in these circumstances I shall withdraw all I have written about Mr. Ridley's postponement of his crusade and accord him the respect which I have hitherto reserved for his candle-lighting namesake. In the meantime, I must continue to deem it a pity that Mr. Ridley's smouldering fires did not burst forth until plays about schools became popular.

No scandal about the Sixth Form, I hope? The answer is in the negative. Or should it be affirmative? Anyhow, what I mean is that the Sixth Form and, indeed, all the school hardly enter into the play. In fact, I should very much doubt whether Brentley has a Sixth Form at all, since all we are allowed to see are two imps of eleven and a young stalwart like a upas tree from Australia—that is, supposing there are upas trees in Australia. The scandal in this play is concerned solely with the masters. Mr. Ridley seems to think that nobody has read Mr. Rudyard Kipling, or Mr. Hugh Walpole, or Mr. H. G. Wells, or an old-fashioned writer called Fielding, or, indeed, anybody else on the subject of schoolmasters—and that we still deem the instructors of youth to be the vials of priggish continence which, if my memory does not betray me, were Dean Farrar's Mr. Paton and Mr. Rose. I hope I have got the names right, although the horrid suspicion occurs that one master ruled at St. Winifred's and the other at that academy which, little by little, was polluted by Eric of unhappy memory. I wonder, by the way, if anybody possesses a first edition of these masterpieces. I have not seen either since I was eleven years old, but remember still the enormous impression made upon me by their green and gold bindings and contents. Mr. Ridley's point is that schoolmasters are men as other men are, with the same senses and the same passions. Hath not a schoolmaster hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? And so this indignant playwright shows us a games master who is so little the master of his senses that he must seduce the young woman whose business it is to air the boys' shirts and count their collars. I will agree that this may have happened, but I will not agree that it happens in every school where there are games masters and junior matrons. Mr. Ridley has gratified an interviewer by informing him, in a *tête-à-tête* the details of which were conveniently published on the day after his *première*, that he knows this games master personally and that games masters of his type abound universally. Frankly, I do not believe it. The headmaster in this play is alleged to have been sent down from his University for some offence so heinous that discovery of it twenty years later would hound him from his rostrum, and our author assures us that headmasters of this type are as thick as blackberries in October. Again, I do not believe it. Nor do I believe in the young man who has taken a job as usher in this school as a result of a scrape which denies him the Army. I do not believe in quantities of young assistant masters who have to spend all their spare time swotting for examinations which they can never pass. Let me repeat that all these individuals may be possible. What I will not believe is that they will all be found in the same school, or that they are typical. I believe a little more in the doddering old owl called Mr. Slade, for this character is Mr. Kipling's Mr. Hartopp all over again, only transcribed without genius and even a trifle dully. I believe—since one should give even rashness its due—entirely in the character called Mr. Sullivan, who is what the doctor in "White Cargo" would have been if he had taken up schoolmastering instead of medicine. But there credence

ends. I have no faith in Millie, the junior matron, who can for two years put out the boys' nighties and remain the mistress of the brutal games master. Obviously, a play must be about something, and, equally obviously, it is difficult to find material for a drama in a masters' common room. I should have had nothing at all to say against Mr. Ridley's play if he had put it forth as containing an exceptional case, or exceptional cases. But when Mr. Ridley tells me that all the private schools in this country are run on the same lines as Brentley and are hot-beds of blackmail and chambering—why, then, I beg leave to tell the author that he is traducing the profession of which he is a member.

The dreadful, or rather the happy, thought strikes me that perhaps Mr. Ridley may after all be writing with his tongue in his cheek, like Mr. Evelyn Waugh in his delicious "Decline and Fall," and that his Brentley is only Llanabba Castle all over again, Mr. Ridley's games-master replacing the adorable Grimes. Let me remind the reader of Llanabba's morning prayers: "Prayers were held downstairs in the main hall of the Castle. The boys stood ranged along the panelled walls, each holding in his hands a little pile of books. Grimes sat on one of the chairs beside the baronial chimney-piece. 'Morning,' he said to Paul; 'only just down, I'm afraid. Do I smell of drink?' 'Yes,' said Paul. 'Comes of missing breakfast.' Here, surely, is the atmosphere of Mr. Ridley's extraordinary school.

The piece was received, so far as I could judge, with enthusiasm by those members of the audience who had not been to any sort of school, and with coolness by what, with an admitted snobbishness, I shall call the educated section of the audience. I am inclined to think that it was both overplayed and underplayed. Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith as the brutal and lascivious usher seemed determined to strike twelve at once, and at the moment of his first entry. He put up in the first five minutes an exhibition of brutality which he could not better throughout the whole evening, and so suffered the fate of all singers who begin with a top note. On the other hand, the part of the mean little worm, the Hartopp of this play, was acted with insufficient gusto by Mr. George Elton. This character, alleged to be a bore, was too faithfully presented by Mr. Elton, who was, perhaps, wrongly cast and, anyhow, is not built for riotous comicality. And only a riot of that sort could have saved this character. But let me not be too grudging. I should be very loth indeed not to pay the highest possible tribute to Mr. Herbert Ross's presentation of Mr. Sullivan, the idealist who has lost his way and has sunk in a slough of shiftlessness. Admirable performances come from Mr. James Raglan as the youngest master, Mr. H. St. Barbe-West as the headmaster who addresses parents as if they were public meetings, from Mr. Vaughan Powel as the donkey who cannot pass examinations, and from Mr. Vincent Holman as the school-boy who is expelled for taking a young girl to the pictures. I am afraid that I could not quite believe in Miss Patricia Bradfield's Millie, the matron. I could not credit that a young woman so refined would ever be found administering brimstone and treacle to the little boys, or that, solicited by the games-master, she would not have fled across the cricket ground and shut herself up in a locker in the pavilion until the end of the term. Finally, and with some firmness, let me suggest that this piece should have been reserved for its author's private conning.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

THE PLAYBILL

New Arrivals.

JANE CLEGG.—*Wyndham's*.

"We live in a numble abode."—*Uriah Heep, Chapter XVI.*

KEEPERS OF YOUTH.—*Duke of York's*.

"The masters, it seemed, did not agree very well together."—*David Copperfield, Chapter VI.*

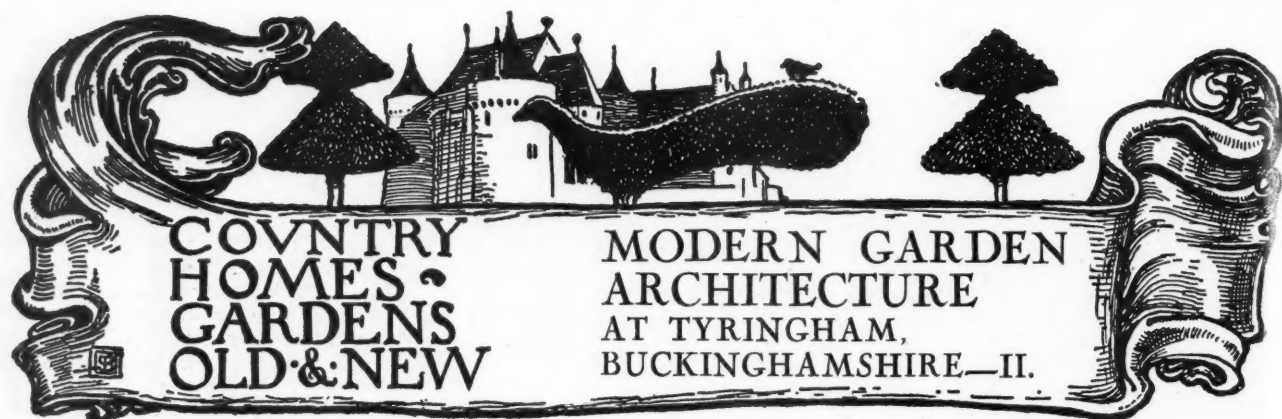
Tried Favourites.

THE INFINITE SHOEBLACK.—*Globe*.

"He follers her about, he makes hisself a sort o' servant to her, he loses in a great measure his relish for his wittles."—*Mr. Peggotty, Chapter XXI.*

A CUP OF KINDNESS.—*Aldwych*.

"It'll do ye more good than pints of liniment."—*Mr. Peggotty, Chapter XXI.*



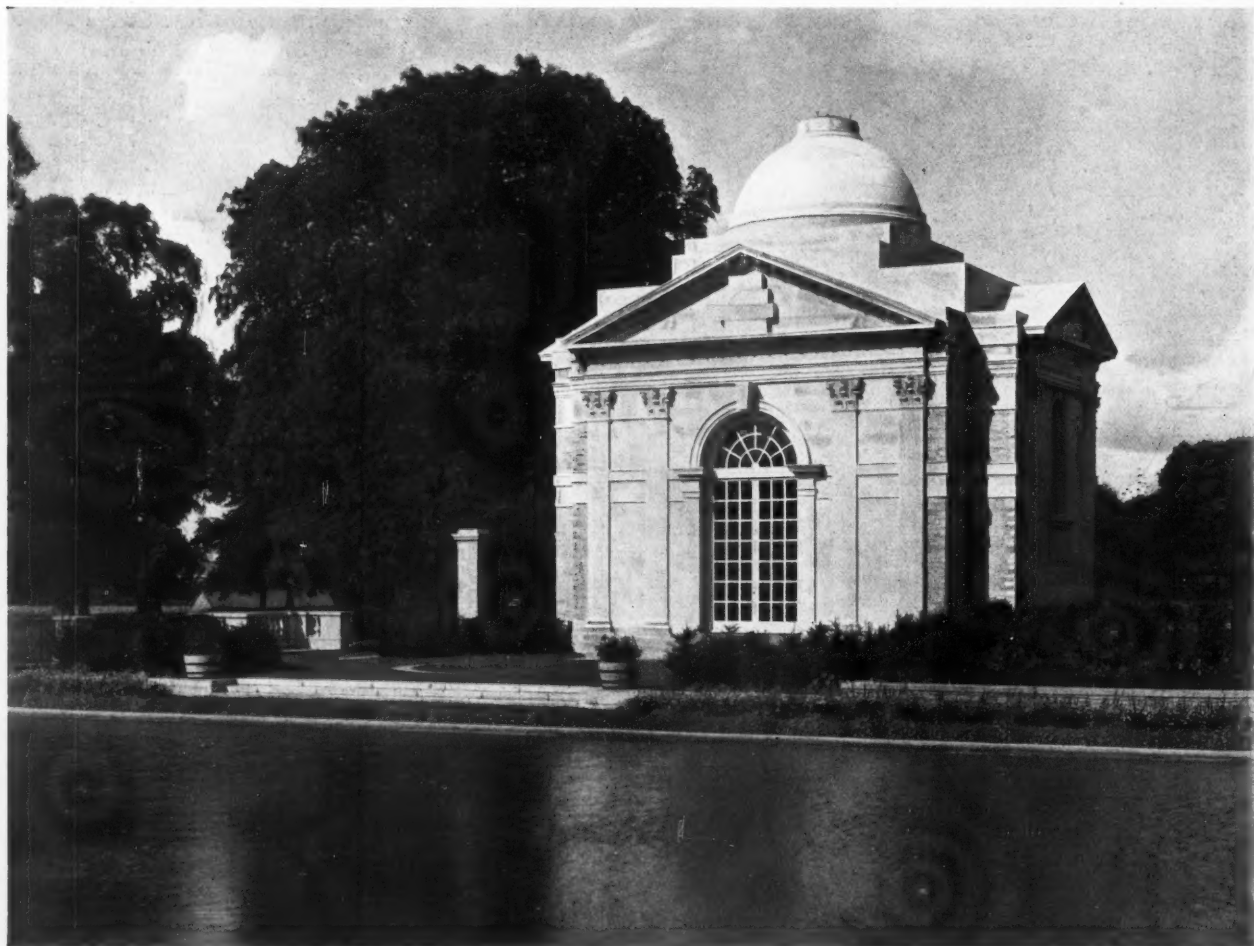
The larger of the two temples recently erected from the designs of Sir Edwin Lutyens is a unique conception, dedicated to the refining of the spirit through Music.

THERE is a bigger and finer conception behind this exquisite temple than that of a mere garden music room, just as its fellow on the other side of the long pool is something more than a bathing-house. The idea lying beneath the whole of the new garden at Tyringham is that it should form an ideal setting for civilised life: the life of culture that it is fitting should be led by those with the necessary leisure and perception. The spacious gardens, the beauty of colour and form in masses of flowers, the large and lucid plan of the whole, and the perfection of the buildings are not to be ends in themselves, desirable as they are, but channels to the apprehension of Truth. The eighteenth century, in its more frivolous fashion, often aimed at a comparable ideal, by which gardening, architecture and sculpture were made a setting for the life of culture. We think of Caserta and Aranjuez, Bibbiena and Farinelli, of the pavilions by J. B. Neumann and Cuvillier in the German Courts where Mozart officiated. But the analogy of Tyringham is rather with ancient Greece or, perhaps more accurately, the more affluent and, in the best sense, luxurious version of Hellenism that might have

been found in Alexandria, Syria and even in the environs of Rome during the third century A.D.

In eighteenth century France abstract values were occasionally enshrined in gardens—once literally, where Rousseau was buried in the garden at Ermenonville. And there was a Temple of Ancient Virtue at Stowe. But the vogue of that humanist age was to personify abstractions in muses and divinities, the same as had haunted the pleasure groves and villas of the ancient world. In neither age were the garden temples animated by a serious faith, or these personages more than elegant symbols; and nowadays their vestments have become as threadbare as the humour that appreciated them. The analogy of this garden to Hellenistic pleasaunces lies, rather, in its equal provision for physical and spiritual exercise. The bathing pavilion, so the inscription runs, "is designed to refresh the mind through exercise of the body."

So, too, the temple of music, as it must for brevity be called, is but a means to a loftier end. Upon its altar is inscribed: *Veneremur summum numen rerum universitatis auctorem et moderatorem*—"We adore the Supreme Spirit author and



Jody Pight

I.—THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

2.—BENEATH THE DOME OF THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC.
Black and green scagliola columns, and a floor of white, grey and black marble.

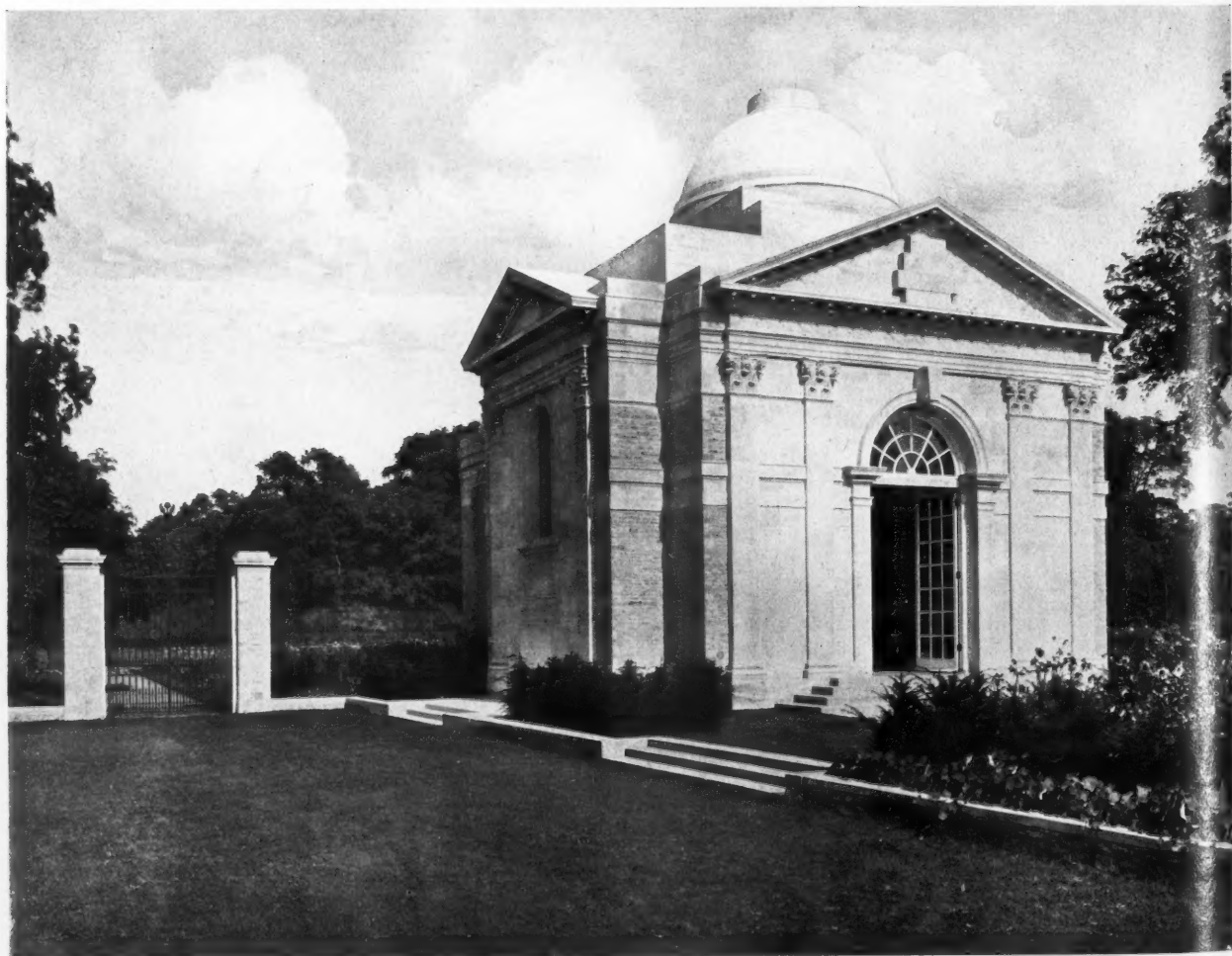
"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

3.—THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC, FROM ACROSS THE NORTHERN POOL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

4.—THE WEST FRONT OF THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC.

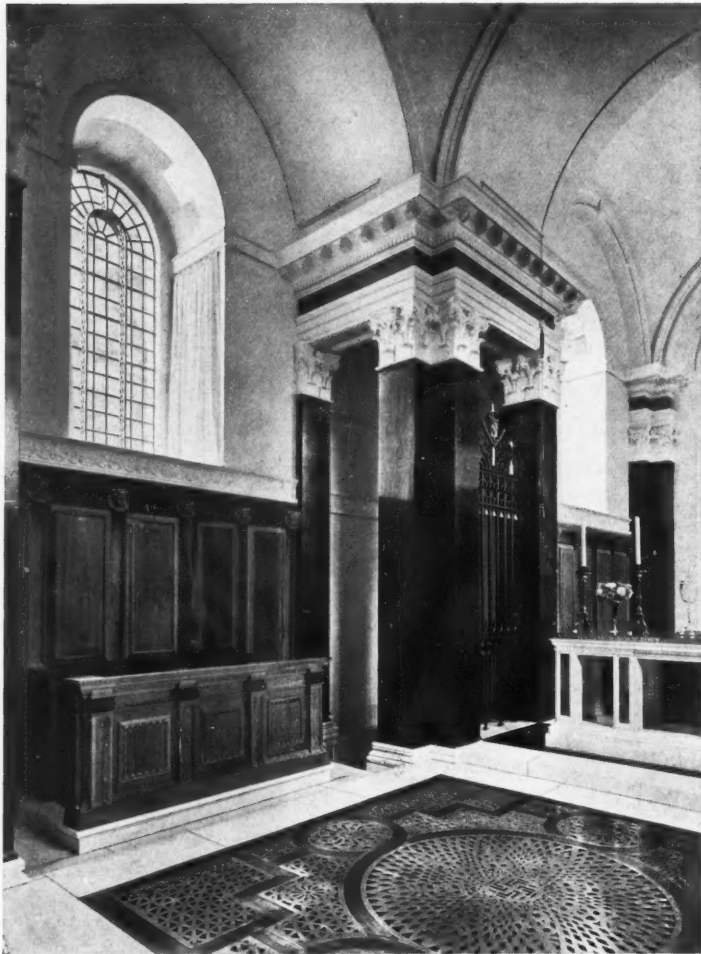
"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

5.—THE BATHING PAVILION, FROM THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC.

Copyright



6.—CHOIR STALLS AND THE ORGAN GRATING.

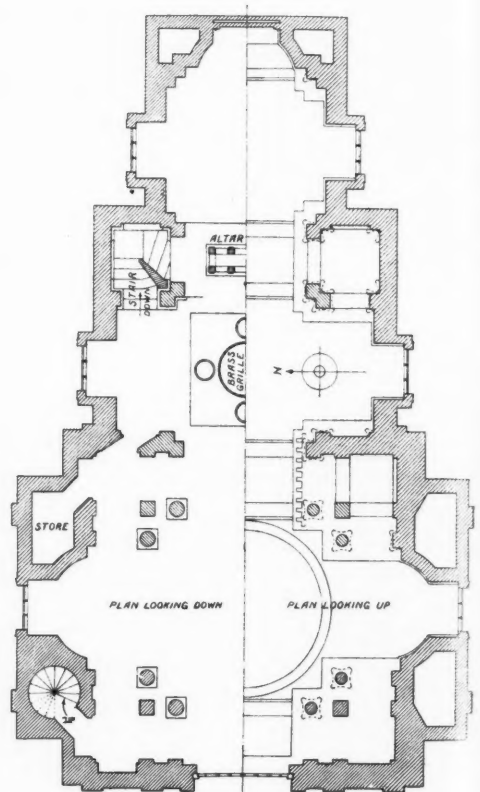


Copyright. 7.—A SIDE ALTAR BENEATH THE DOME.

"C.L."

ruler of the universe." It is a holy place dedicated to the apprehension of Divine Truth through the particular means of music. Men of other ages would have built a church in which to approach Truth through religion. This shrine is a church in all but fact, "built" (in the translated words of the inscription running round the internal cornice) "in memory of our fathers and dedicated to the Supreme Spirit Author of the universe all parts of which are led upwards by Him in perpetual progress to ever higher spheres." The philosophy thus expressed is tempered, however, by the wisdom of another inscription placed beneath the picture at the east end above the altar. The picture—an iridescent canvas of opal hues, which is one of the best examples of the noble art of the late Sir Frank Dicksee (too meanly criticised for his idealism)—shows a youth upon a precipice's brink reaching after a spirit form who melts into a cloud, eluding him. "Seek Truth, but remember," so it runs, "that behind all the new knowledge the fundamental issues of life will remain veiled."

But this brief account is concerned with the building, not with the implications of the faith that



8.—PLAN.

animates it. Sufficient has been said to show that its design presented unique opportunities to the architect for the original and inspiring exercise of his art. The external form of the twin temples has already been commented on when dealing with the bathing pavilion. This one differs in having a char-like extension to its rear, and only one instead of four entrances—the glazed arch in the west end. Here again Portland ashlar and local rubble have been used for the walls. The rear extension, which will eventually be screened by trees, is treated with the utmost simplicity. The foundation-stone is inscribed to the effect that it was laid on July 18th, 1926, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Frederick Konig, by his sons Frederick and Henry. It will be remembered that the present Mr. Konig's sons laid the foundation-stone of the bathing pavilion.

Entering from the west, we find ourselves in a square columned compartment beneath the dome, with two barrel-vaulted compartments prolonging the axis eastward (Fig. 9). Perhaps the temple is filled with the music of an organ. . . . The visitor is naturally astonished to see no vestige of the source of the sounds: as well he may be, for the

architect has concealed it where its presence will scarcely be guessed. The nearer of the easterly compartments is treated as a choir, flanked by walnut-wood stalls (Fig. 6), and separated from the farther compartment by the altar. As he approaches it the visitor is conscious of the volume of sound increasing—for it wells up through the brass and steel grating that forms the floor, beneath which are the organ pipes. The eastern compartment is open down to basement level, where the organ keyboard is immediately beneath the altar (Fig. 11). Thus

each of the four angles of the larger square, but concealed by the columns, hangs a bell, named respectively Harmony, Beauty, Happiness, Peace. In the two lateral apses beneath the north and south windows is a subsidiary altar (Fig. 7) made of malachite scagliola and Carrara marble. The temple is vibrant with vivid colour, present in the green scagliola of the round columns, in the main altar and in the frieze, set off by white walls and the black scagliola of the square pillars and pilasters. The floor is of grey and white marble, and



Copyright.

9.—THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC, LOOKING EAST.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

the problem of disposing of the unsightly tubes of an organ has, for once, been solved with complete success. It is only practicable, however, in a building of this character, since the floor above it in front of the altar cannot be used as a floor, even though a gauze beneath the grille intercept any dirt that would fall down the pipes. The stalls are not approached over the grille, but by two little gangways between the pillars separating the "choir" from the main space.

The pendentives of the dome are carried on columns that give the west compartment a modified cruciform plan. In

the centre of the star is the "last stone" laid at the opening of the temple—a roundel of lapis lazuli set in real malachite. In a shallow apse at the west end is the opalescent picture already described, of which the light, clear colours are well suited to the plentifully lit interior.

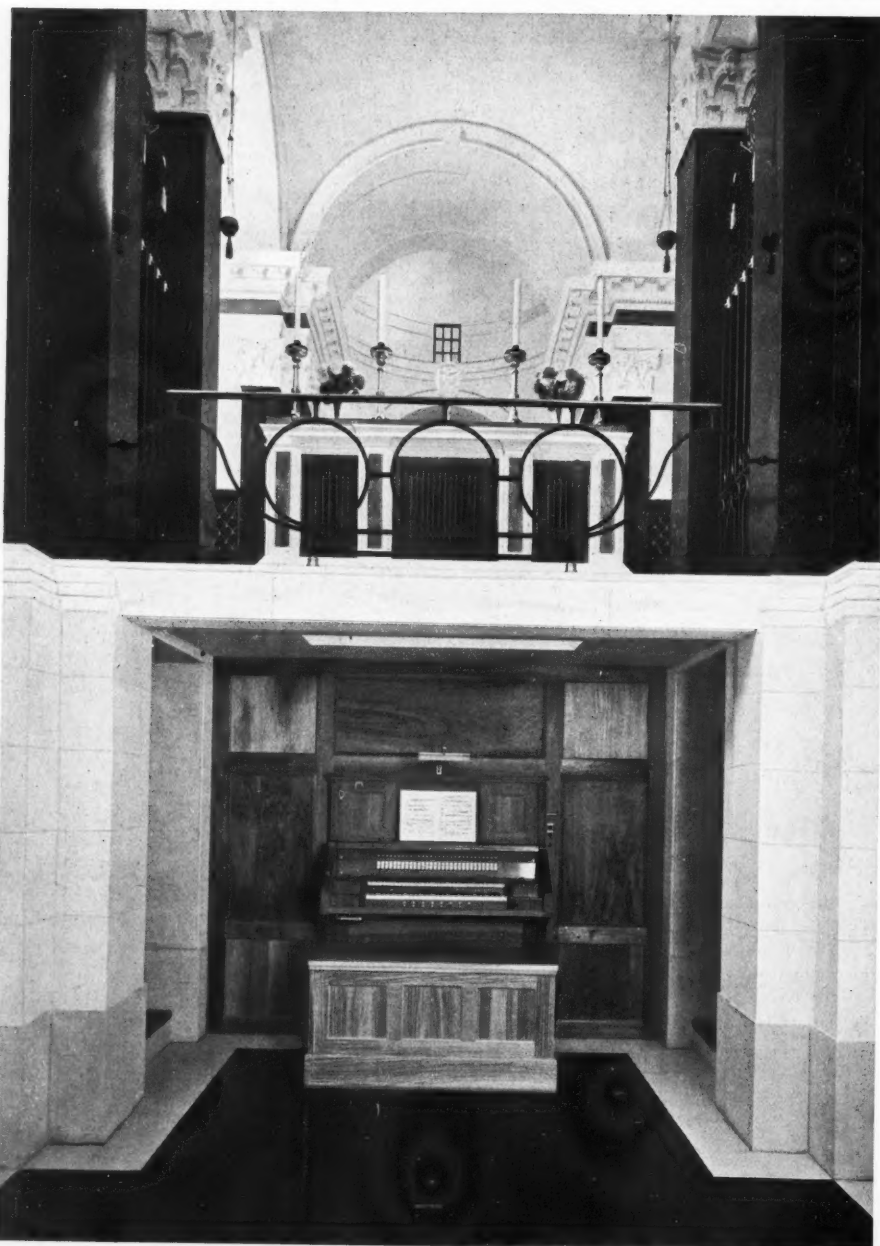
The effect of the whole is perfectly expressive of the temple's purpose. It is one both solemn and gay, rational in its simple, classic lines, yet emotional in its rich colouring and plastic unity. One uncovers automatically on entering the place—not because the presence of an altar is inseparably



Copyright

10.—THE WESTERN DOORS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

11.—THE ORGAN KEYBOARD BELOW THE ALTAR.

"C.L."

associated with consecration, but because an act of reverence is imperatively demanded by the design, so sincere, so spacious, so instinct itself with reverence for the conception of Universal Truth. The opportunity presented by this building to the architect was, as has been remarked, unique. For it was needed to express something more genial, more vital than is commonly associated with churches, and yet it had to possess the attributes of sublimity. An interior appropriated to the hearing of music needs to have several of the attributes claimed by Burke for the sublime, above all simplicity. Nothing is more irritating for the eye, when the greater part of the mind is transfigured by music, than to be fascinated by cheap and meaningless ornament. In many concert halls the eye can find no place to rest, every corner being haunted by amorini, every plane surface encrusted with scrolls. Involuntarily, all but those to whom vision has no significance feel some part of their consciousness being distracted from what needs it all. In this temple Sir Edwin Lutyens has subtly exaggerated the impression of recession in the "choir" compartments, while the recurring rhythm of the roof and clusters of pillars presents that infinite surface that the eye desires when the mind is pre-occupied.

To descend, literally, to the mechanical part, considerable structural difficulties were met in forming the organ chamber. As it is below the level of the water, it had an infinite capacity for getting damp. This has successfully been overcome, and an even temperature is maintained in the winter months by a number of electric heaters placed among the pipes. The organ is a Welte instrument of two keyboards. Its position enables a very simple device to be used for graduating the volume of sound—a series of hinged shutters being fixed just below the grille, which, when completely closed, cut off all direct sound waves from the space above.

In conclusion, the principal firms responsible for the work may be recorded. The Nine Elms Stone Masonry Works executed all the Portland stone masonry; Messrs. Belman, Ivey and Carter the scagliola; Messrs. H. T. Jenkins and Son of Torquay the marble work; Messrs. J. Parnell and Son of Rugby the plasterwork and joinery, including the stalls of the "choir"; The Birmingham Guild, Limited, the tone outlet and wrought ironwork; Messrs. Wainwright and Waring, Limited, the windows and glazing; Messrs. Thomas Elsley, Limited, the locks and door furniture; and Messrs. Muntzer and Son the curtains and hangings. The general contractors for the whole work were the local firm of Messrs. Wilford Brothers of Newport Pagnell.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

IN PIAM MEMORIAM

Lord Chief Baron Pollock, a Memoir by his grandson the Lord Hanworth, P.C., K.B.E., Master of the Rolls. (John Murray, 10s. 6d.)

THESE Pollocks, how they harass us! "The Pollock family have, during the last century and a quarter, attained to eminence and high positions in many branches of service to the State." So much appears on the cover of this book. We are not to suppose that Lord Hanworth is himself the author of this proclamation on the cover of his book.

But it is true. The Pollock family is a rare example of the hereditary persistence of certain qualities which make for success in a rough, inhospitable world. It has a family face, well marked, either in a handsome or an ugly form, in almost every descendant of the lineage proper (a face attributed by Lord Hanworth to Sarah Parsons, wife of David Pollock, saddler to George III and founder of the family fortunes). It has brains, if not brilliance; talent, if not genius; character and some courage. And these characteristics have already been transmitted successfully over five generations—a record unusual among families which belong to the aristocracy of intellect.

Lord Hanworth himself, as yet better known as Sir Ernest Pollock, Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Chairman of the Contraband Committee and Controller of the Foreign Trade Department during the war, is a case in point. He has strangely paralleled the career of his grandfather. He has maintained at its highest level the fame and fortune of his family. He is the equal in cleverness, learning and success of any of his forebears. And his cousin, Sir Frederick, the head of the "Pollock clan," a man whose brilliant intellect, deep learning and high character have been recognised in every civilised community, has only not attained to popular acclaim because the reserves of his nature and the qualities of his mind have been so far removed from the arts of democratic popularity. A man who can be at once the highest authority on the philosophy of Spinoza and international law, a scholar and fellow of Trinity, and the author of "The Etchingham Letters,"

some exquisite ballads and many witty verses and limericks, who, after eighty years of age, can edit the Law Reports and be a master of the fencing foil, is something of a portent. And he is fourth in direct succession from David, the saddler.

So much for the Pollocks. The Lord Chief Baron, of whom Lord Hanworth writes, was (even though Field-Marshal Sir George Pollock was his brother), probably, the most famous of them. He was born in 1783, he died in 1870, and he had almost an infinity of children. He knew hard times while he was at St. Paul's and at Cambridge. He was one of the strongest senior wranglers known to the science of mathematics. He struggled through penurious years at the Bar and rose to be M.P. for Huntingdon, Attorney-General (twice) and Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, an office which he held for twenty-two years. One of the sons of his second family, now Sir Edward Pollock, has emulated his length of life and service in the position of Official Referee, which he has recently resigned.

So here is a good and fit subject for a pious memoir, and Lord Hanworth has done his work so well, with so excellent a discrimination to curb a natural enthusiasm, with so clear a mind, so cogent a narrative form, and so sound a literary style, that his book may well have a value and interest beyond an already vast family circle.

Certain law cases in which the Chief Baron was engaged as advocate (usually in opposition to Brougham), and others in which he delivered judgment, are cited for their general interest and for their illustration of his talents and his character. They are set forth by Lord Hanworth with a terseness and lucidity which should be a model to legal biographers.

For the rest, the interest of the volume lies chiefly in the letters. Often these are of purely family interest; often they illustrate most effectively the day in which they were written (*quantum mutatus ab illo*), the contrasts that have come about, and the idiosyncrasies of notable personages. They show always an admirable and a likeable man, with a clear mind, a high conscience and a firm purpose.

The whole book is very much alive, and it holds many stories worth telling. Perhaps the best is of how the Chief Baron was beguiled by "The Heart of Midlothian" in the early hours of a morning vowed to the study of a brief. So, come to court, he said to the jury: "I could not better present the facts of the case . . . than by using the language of the parties, and I shall therefore read to you the correspondence which has passed." After an hour of such reading Chief Justice Abbott intervened.

"Mr. Pollock," he said, "is it absolutely necessary for you to read all this correspondence?" The answer came: "Absolutely necessary, my Lord, for I never read it before."

Indeed, Lord Hanworth's hand has wrought admirably and piously. Piously, too, in a double sense. For the book, written for a young grandson, is inscribed "To the memory of our son, Charles Thomas Anderdon Pollock, Captain Inns of Court O.T.C., attached 1/4 East Yorks Regiment, killed near Moreuil in France on Easter Day, the 31st March, 1918, while carrying his wounded batman on his back out of the battle zone and endeavouring to place him in safety." No dedication could be more true, touching and courageous. *Audacter et strenue.*

The Boroughmonger, by R. H. Mottram. (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.)

WITH a General Election pending, Messrs. Chatto and Windus certainly chose an opportune moment for the publication of Mr. R. H. Mottram's latest, *The Boroughmonger*. This is another tale of old East Anglia, in the manner of "Our Mr. Dormer." It traces the course of an election in the beginning of the last century, when "close boroughs" were still the order of the day. The hero, young Theodore Carston, enthusiastic but inexperienced, with a mind inclined towards the raising of the "lower classes," is proposed as a candidate for the Reform party by his patron, Lord Carston. This sinister nobleman, whose influence is felt throughout the book, remains himself unseen except for the first chapter. He is the type of the reactionary, clinging to his power and privilege, willing to adopt any means, however dishonourable, to avoid dethronement. Theodore, trying to voice his progressive opinions, is foiled at every turn by his own committee, who are the tools of his lordship. A kidnapping, a scandal deliberately raised, are only part of the campaign of treachery. The people, whose cause he thinks to espouse, are nothing but dumb slaves. Led on by hired pugilists, they riot in the streets, the Militia is called out, and the frightened burgesses once again vote Blue. Theodore was foredoomed to defeat in this election—but Mr. Mottram sounds the note of warning in his final paragraph, concerning "all that submerged existence that was not yet even seeking expression, but that could by its thoughtless violence do so much to mar the frail edifice of civilised communion that mankind had so laboriously built." The book is written with this author's usual deliberation, as of an etching meticulously detailed. For the reader who can appreciate its quiet craftsmanship and is not intimidated by the stilted dialogue of the period it is a satisfying performance.

Roon, by Herbert Asquith. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

THE rare, native quality in himself that Mr. Herbert Asquith is developing more and more is that of undertone. In this and in all respects, *Roon* is a notable advance on "Young Orland." There is



"THE EVENING OF LIFE."
From "Lord Chief Baron Pollock."

never any sense of effort or strain in Mr. Asquith's writing. Sometimes, as we read, it is as if we were listening to a blackbird singing far away; sometimes as if to a master of music playing heartbreaking airs with the soft pedal down. Not that there is anything distant or unreal about Mr. Asquith's characters; on the contrary, Roon, her sister Laura, her husband Hubert, her lover Dick, her friend Marle, are all exceptionally alive just because they take both their joys and their sorrows with that quietness, that under-emphasis common in real life among people of refinement. Roon herself is very well done, for she has character, individuality, and yet she is not the sort of woman who, in any circumstances, can stand alone. She makes an early, mistaken marriage, and has the courage to unmake it. But when her child and her lover are taken from her, there is nothing left in herself on which she can continue to live. It is the war that takes her lover, and Mr. Asquith's undertones are a peculiarly fine medium for conveying the horror of the daily and nightly routine of death. But they are equally good in conveying the sights and sounds of the English countryside, and he has a telling way with irony, as when he turns his calm searchlight on Roon's husband giving trivial orders about their child: "At moments of crisis our natures call for discipline, and even the spectacle of its being enforced on others will sometimes act as a restorative to those who do not go so far as to exact it of themselves." Mr. Asquith has written a distinguished, quietly penetrating novel, and has carried it through with delicate art.

V. H. F.

The Atoning Years, by Adelaide Eden Phillpotts. (Thornton Butterworth, 7s. 6d.)

MISS PHILLPOTTS writes with such admirable precision and ease that, reading *The Atoning Years*, we grow more and more puzzled because it does not move us. It ought, surely, to move us. There is the "strong" plot of illicit love, murder and remorse; there is also great skill in the analysis of motives, the diagnosis of psychological reactions. And yet, taken as a whole, the book does not live. Often it seems about to live, and especially when the author dives her deepest into human experience: "Jealousy has a feline trick of returning every time it is cast out, and each time returning with greater bitterness." "Whether it (the love in question) could stand the test of fulfilment remained a mystery, but that it could bear the lesser strain of absence was triumphantly testified." "That thing most dangerous, exhilarating, and agonizing to unlawful lovers sprang up between them—true love, which waxes when mere passion wanes." In spite of such felicities, however, we never really suffer with the young Englishman, Godwin, or with Rezzia, his Italian mistress; so we are forced to the conclusion that the book has been an intellectual rather than a spiritual exercise on its author's part. "We all roll through life," as she says, "enclosed in transparent spheres." We see others who seem to be close to us, but when we reach out to touch them, a hard barrier meets us, and we find that the transparency is unyielding crystal." That is life, as none can deny; but the whole boon and blessing of a novel should be to release us temporarily from this sense of isolation, and *The Atoning Years* does not do it. Nevertheless, all these complaints are no more than to say that the book is so good as to make us feel injured because it is not just one degree better. V. H. F.

The Vagrant Lover, by Donald Sinderby. (Herbert Jenkins, 7s. 6d.)

THIS is the story of a modern pilgrimage to Canterbury, and relates the adventures of two young men—one fleeing from an irate mother-in-law, and the other from Memory in the shape of the "one and only Girl." One shares with "Dogsbody" the horror of being overtaken by Mrs. Buffington-Fizzly, the mother-in-law in question, and one enjoys the escapades of his brother, John Cotteram, Lieutenant R.N., who cannot resist a good-looking girl any more than a woman her curiosity. John, the forlorn lover, proceeds to get himself hopelessly entangled with bellicose swains who resent, naturally enough, his attentions to their Phæbes and Daisys, and one can only marvel how that young man escapes with so little damage. Poor "Dogsbody," however, does not enjoy himself so much as John, for his mother-in-law either arrives before him or after, at every village which is his destination—this leading to endless schemings on his part and John's to get away before she has discovered them. Mr. Sinderby has given an excellent thumb-nail sketch of a modern Delilah—a certain Dolores, "one of those arty people—inclined to be literary"—the Samson being a mild young cowman, the village poet, who plays delightfully on the flute. The dénouement is quite unexpected, and to everyone's satisfaction. An amusing book to while away a rainy afternoon, for the two pilgrims are very funny; but are there such mothers-in-law as Mrs. Buffington-Fizzly? Also, are there quite such simple village folk nowadays?

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

MEMOIRS OF HARRIETTE WILSON (Peter Davies, 7s. 6d.); THE PENN COUNTRY AND THE CHILTERN, by Ralph M. Robinson (Lane, 15s.);

SEA-TROUT FISHING, by R. C. Bridgett (Jenkins, 15s.). Fiction.—THE EMBEZZLERS, by Valentine Kataev (Benn, 7s. 6d.); THE OLD ROAD, by Mary Crosbie (Phillip Allen, 7s. 6d.)

THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT

THE Tournament this year appeals to two distinct kinds of audience: those people who like knock-about humour and those who prefer the unrivalled military pageantry for which the Tournament is famous. The wonderful thing about this annual triumph (for it is nothing less) is that those in command cater equally successfully for both tastes, and their capabilities are shown to unusual advantage in the present display. The most ardent admirers of the Tournament will probably agree that the finest events are dependent on nothing for their effect but the perfection of discipline and training of which they show the finished results. Certainly the very critical professional side of the audience knows this, and was actually heard to remark that the display of close-order drill and handling of arms by the King's Squad, Depot, Royal Marines, Deal, was "something rather super"—"They flick themselves to pieces for ten minutes," was the explanation of what "rather super" meant.

As the programme states: "On the occasion of his Inspection of the Depot . . . on March 7th, 1918, His Majesty the King, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Marines, conferred the privilege and honour that the Senior Squad of Recruits at the Depot, R.M., Deal, be known as the 'King's Squad,' and that the best all-round Recruit in each 'King's Squad' be known as the King's Badgeman and wear the King's Badge. A keen rivalry exists in the 'King's Squad' for the award of this greatest honour which a recruit can win, with the result that the King's Badgeman must have outstanding ability."



HISTORICAL DISPLAY BY THE 1ST BATTALION THE MIDDLESEX REGIMENT, DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S OWN.

Judging by the performance at Olympia, the competition must be an extremely difficult one in which to make the award.

Nearly as good as the Marine display was that given by the boys of the Royal Hospital School, Greenwich, particularly in cutlass drill. The school has been in existence for two hundred years, and it is one of the sources to which the Navy looks for its future supply of officers, as well as warrant and petty officers. Admission to the school is now confined to

Among equestrian events the musical ride of the 17th/21st Lancers takes first place; it lacks nothing, whether in picturesqueness, rhythmical evolutions or easy horsemanship, and wins a friendly victory over the musical drive given by "M" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, perhaps only because of its comparative novelty at Olympia in recent years.

The honours for pageantry go to the 1st Battalion the Middlesex Regiment* (Duke of Cambridge's Own), which gives



MUSICAL RIDE BY 17TH/21ST LANCERS.

sons of the last two, though, formerly, sons of commissioned officers were eligible.

The element of competition was very marked this year in the field gun display by the Royal Navy and Royal Marines, the closest finish I have ever seen in this event taking place on the afternoon of the dress rehearsal, when barely two seconds divided the competing teams. If the entries in the competition keep up the rehearsal form, this race between gun teams should be the most exciting item of the Tournament. It will be challenged, however, by the rope and window-ladder climbing by the P. and R. T. School, Portsmouth, which add novelty to excitement in a hazardous-looking performance; especially is this so in the head-first descent of the ropes at the end.

a realistic exhibition in the famous stand at Albuera when the 57th Regiment received its sobriquet of "The Die-hards." The Tournament closes with an imposing pageant of the Middlesex in uniforms dating from 1755 (the regiment was raised in December of that year by Colonel John Arabin) to 1929.

The humorous episodes are many and all amusing. The best is novel as well—a chariot race between whippet tanks, two representing the team and one the chariot. There is also an encounter between a mock tank and a dragon which puts Covent Garden in the shade. Producers of "The Ring" might learn something if they come to Olympia—they might even make an offer for the dragon as a permanent stage property next season.

THE EVE OF THE DERBY



Frank Griggs.

Copyright.

LORD ROSEBERY, THE ONLY PRIME MINISTER TO WIN THE DERBY, WITH LADAS, HIS FIRST WINNER.
His trainer, Matthew Dawson, is shown, and the jockey, J. Watts.

BY the time these notes are with the reader many horses still remaining in the Derby will have been eliminated. They will have made a final exit at the forfeit stage in the early part of this week. I am by no means certain that the new position will be any less puzzling than it has been, even since the death of Lord Rosebery took Midlothian out of the race according to a rule which was still in force at the time the entry was made for this Derby.

Lord Astor will, of course, leave in Cragadour, and might excuse Plot and Cavendo. As Lord Derby's big hope is Hunter's Moon, there would seem to be no object in retaining St. Leger and Bosworth. The last named was receiving a lot of weight when beaten the other day at Manchester for the Royal Standard Stakes. Lord Dewar at first intended to withdraw the whole of his fleet of four—Totalisator, The Black Abbot, The MacNab and Aristotle—but under pressure from his trainer he is retaining the two last named.

THE HORSES THAT COUNT.

The Whatcombe trainer had retained most of his, including six belonging to the Aga Khan. Whichever be left in, I have no hope of the Aga Khan winning the Derby this year. Trigo disappointed his trainer in the race for the Two Thousand Guineas, and he is to have a bid for a prize which is surely beyond him. However, there are some owners who, no doubt quite rightly, place much faith in the philosophy, "Nothing venture, nothing have!" Really, the only ones calling for some brief discussion here are Cragadour, Hunter's Moon, Mr. Jinks, Gay Day, Walter Gay, P.D.Q., Brienzy, Kopi and En Garde.

There are not many of them and, of course, it is not impossible for the winner's name to be missing from that list. I shall assume there will be no 100 to 1 winner or even one at half those odds. I confess I am somewhat disquieted by the slight interruption in the preparation of Cragadour. Any Derby candidate is so much better off without any sort of "if." The doubt I have in my mind is as to whether the colt's constitution is "sticking it out" under the strain of a serious Derby preparation. Had everything prospered with him, I should have been quietly confident as to the outcome.

Hunter's Moon, on the other hand, must have an ideal constitution. We see that by the rapid progress he has made. He has thrived on his work, and is the sort of racehorse that does well in an ever-improving degree. At the outset of the season the thought was never entertained as a remote possibility by those having most to do with the colt that he would prove to have a favourite's chance for the Derby. The first glad sign came when he ran a capital fourth for the Two Thousand

Guineas. Then there was his narrow but creditable win of the Newmarket Stakes, and since he has done splendidly.

Mr. Jinks I admire because the big and powerful grey is so very genuine and honest. I cannot say that he will stay the mile and a half. There is a big doubt in my mind on that point, but it would not surprise me to see him win in a year when it cannot be argued that any particular horse is outstanding. Kopi is Mr. S. B. Joel's hope. We may agree that he is very likely to stay the mile and a half. He is bred right for that, and his way of racing gives you that impression, but his performances in public have no glamour about them. I know his owner and trainer are almost confident; but then, in racing the wish is so often father to the thought!

I prefer Walter Gay, little though we know about him, to Gay Day, whose one win to his name was gained in very slovenly fashion at Hurst Park on Whit Monday. I shall be a loser if he wins. En Garde is my choice among what might be called the outside division, but I know that his trainer realises he is ever so much better when the ground is soft. Will it ever be soft again, one wonders, for so long has it been hard and dry? P.D.Q. runs for Mr. Selfridge. His form is modest, but he will have Gordon Richards on his back and quite an army of "small" backers on his side, so to say. Brienzy can have no chance against Hunter's Moon and Mr. Jinks on public running, and I am left with Hunter's Moon as my first choice, though it would delight me for many reasons to see Lord Astor win his first Derby, as Cragadour might well do for him.

LORD ROSEBERY'S LADAS.

Of the late Lord Rosebery's three Derby winners, Ladas was the one which really caught the imagination. He was also the first of the three to win, which, naturally, helped to place him on that pedestal from which he was never removed where public interest was concerned. Sir Visto in the following year remained overshadowed by Ladas, and it always was so. Neither his previous career nor his subsequent one could compare with Ladas's. Moreover, he was merely held to have proved himself the best at Epsom in a year below the average for three year olds. Exactly ten years later came Cicero, and, though he won with the odds betted on him, he might not have conquered had his French opponent, Jardy, not been suffering from cough and catarrh. Jardy came back with mucous streaming from his nostrils, and, notwithstanding, he had given Cicero and Danny Mahar a hard race.

A meeting which extended over four days took place at Manchester last week. There were very few happenings worth discussing here and at this time of day. The wonder is how such racing as took place there can be spread over four consecutive

days. Ascot and Goodwood have only four days each in the year, but then they are in a far different class. On the whole, Manchester must consider itself fortunate to have such a big fixture conceded to them in these congested days of racing.

Poor Man, an Irish-bred and Irish-owned horse, won the Cup for Major Dixon. The four year old was trained by Sam Darling at Newmarket and ridden by Gordon Richards, the leading jockey. Last autumn Poor Man won three minor handicaps in succession. His race of last week was his first of this season, so that it was his fourth win off the reel. He is by Achtoi, sire of the last Cesarewitch winner, Arctic Star. More than strange is it that so many of the important winners of this year should have been bred in Ireland. Examples are Elton (Lincolnshire Handicap), Athford (Newbury Cup and Jubilee Handicap), Parviz (City and Suburban), Royal Minstrel (Victoria Cup), Mr. Jinks (Two Thousand Guineas), and now we have Poor Man adding to the score by his win of the Manchester Cup. Second to him was Mr. W. M. Singer's Plantago, who would probably have won with very little farther to go. This horse would certainly have done ever so much better had the going been soft. The Marchioness Curzon had the third in Idle Hour, but Mr. S. B. Joel's Potocki ran like a horse that has sickened of serious racing.

Mr. Joel, however, had been vouchsafed a piece of rare good fortune when his three year old Modder won him the very valuable Royal Standard Stakes, worth close on £4,000. Four times in about five or six years has Mr. Joel won this well endowed race. This time Modder accounted for a field which included Lord Derby's Bosworth (second), Racedale, belonging to the Dowager Lady Nunburnholme, and several others. Another of these breeders' races was the sprint race for the Red Rose Stakes. As a rule, the heavy penalty carriers are put out of court, but Le Phare, who won for the Aga Khan, must be an exception. One had a belief that he must be out of the ordinary by his way of winning an important handicap under a considerable weight at Kempton Park. At Manchester, with 9st. 6lb. on his back, he won by a head from Mr. Somerville Tattersall's

leased gelding Trovatore, who was receiving as much as 20lb. So much for the three chief events of this four-day fixture at Manchester. The two year old races were, frankly, most disappointing, lacking not only numbers but distinction on the part of those that took part and figured as winners.

Lingfield Park had a two-day meeting at the week-end, and on the first day there was a very fine two and a quarter mile race for the Cosmopolitan Cup. Seldom does a long-distance event produce such a thrilling finish as was the case now, and it would not be at all surprising were one of those that took part to win the Cesarewitch when the time comes. I do not forget that Arctic Star won this Cup race a year ago, and made important history at Newmarket in the autumn. The winner, Silver Spoon, beat Lord Beaverbrook's Alacrity by a neck. Bracknell Home was close up third, and Ballynahinch, running for the Jam Sahib of Nawanager ("Ranji"), was fourth.

It is possible that Ballynahinch would have won but for being carried out very wide at the turn into the stride. Silver Spoon is a big, strong horse that was bred by his owner, Mr. H. C. Sutton. He had framed up well against Fairway at Newmarket, and if he had not won this race, I should have thought he had an outstanding chance of winning the Newbury Summer Cup, for which he had just been quite leniently handicapped. Now, of course, he has a big penalty.

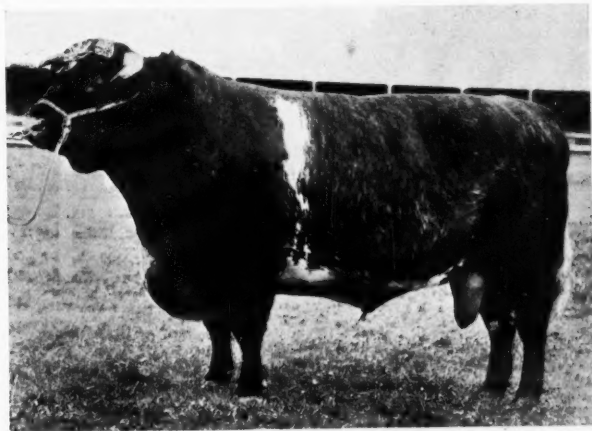
The Lingfield Park Breeders' Plate of £1,000 was thought to be secure for Lord Dewar's Sunny Trace, but this most disappointing creature could not do better than merely maintain the unsatisfactory reputation he has had ever since the mad race to which he was subjected for the Derby last year. I am sure he has never got over it, for there was an utter lack of life and grit about his display in a small field of three for this nice prize. He could do no worse than finish third, because there was not a fourth runner!

The winner, Winton, is by Craig an Eran and is owned by Mr. Somerville Tattersall. This colt had previously run third to Cragadour for the Craven Stakes, subsequent to which he won the Hastings Plate at Newmarket. PHILIPPOS.

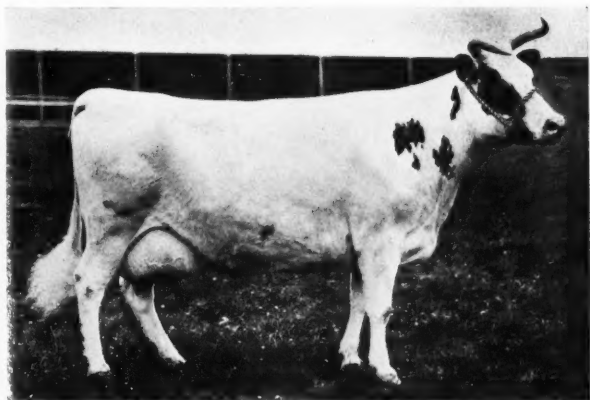
THE BATH AND WEST



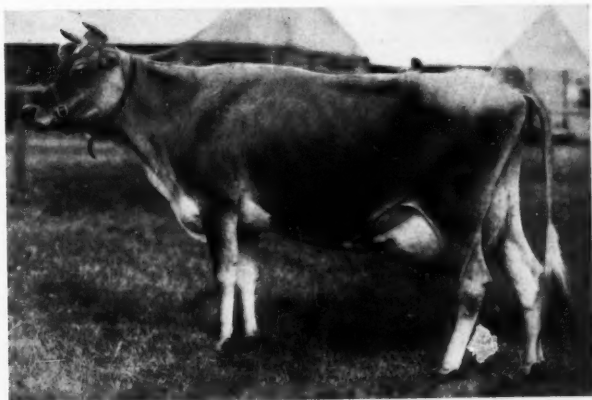
SIR DAVID R. LLEWELLYN'S HEREFORD BULL, ST. FAGANS PANDARUS. FIRST PRIZE AND CHAMPION.



MAJOR J. A. MORRISON'S SHORTHORN BULL, BASILDON FASCINATOR. FIRST PRIZE AND CHAMPION.



AYRSHIRE COW, RAINTON ALICE SECOND. FIRST PRIZE AND CHAMPION.



SIR H. MACKINTOSH'S JERSEY COW, ROMOLA'S PRIDE. FIRST PRIZE AND CHAMPION.

This year the Bath and West Society held its annual Show at Swindon. The entries of livestock, implements and machinery were on a high level and worthy of the Society and the part it has played in the past. The King and the Prince of Wales were both among the successful exhibitors, His Majesty sending a shorthorn heifer from Windsor, and the Prince of Wales shorthorn, Devon and Aberdeen-Angus cattle.

CORRESPONDENCE

A GENERAL ELECTION SIXTY YEARS AGO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Now, when a General Election is in progress, I find myself remembering the elections of my youth before voting was secret. I wonder whether many of your readers share them. I fancy very few of the electors knew much about politics, but the excitement and the determination to have one's particular candidate get in were much greater than now. We were all either blue or yellow and fought for our colours. I cannot be quite certain of the year, but somewhere near 1870 there was an election in March in the western cathedral city where my parents lived and, the day before, my mother let us go for a walk through the streets to see the preparations for the next day's fight. We girls, who were blues, were very much pleased to see calico stretched across the different streets with large blue letters on it telling people whom to vote for—no yellow to be seen. Next day we had another walk, and farm carts were going through the streets loaded with the beautiful yellow wild daffodils for which the counties of Gloucester and Hereford are so famed. Men stood in them shovelling up the lovely blossoms and throwing them about so as to carpet the streets with them. It was a dreadful sight to a lover of flowers. It began to rain, and soon the blue lettering from the stretched calico ran down and dropped great drops on to the daffodils and the passers-by. The streets became a mass of muddy flowers variegated with streaks of blue. I dare not save a single flower, for being a blue I could not touch anything yellow. The state of the poll was shown in large letters outside the Shire Hall every hour, and every time this happened a number of fights took place—fighting and drinking were the order of the day. It was very funny to see the blue and yellow bands, whose great delight was to meet each other. No right of way was recognised, they always marched on the same side of the street, and neither would give way, but played their loudest different tunes, the crowd backing their respective bands. I do not know how they were moved. Occasionally the two bands got into the same hotel, the blue band going into the yellow headquarters and the yellow band into the blue. The city elected two Members, and it was of no use if two blues or two yellows got in, for the unsuccessful side generally accused the other of bribery and corruption, and as both sides were invariably found guilty of these sins, the city was disenfranchised for so many years. This happened several times, and then for years one blue and one yellow Member were elected and all was well. We lived a little way out of the city, and in the third house in the road from ours lived a solicitor who was an agent for the yellows and placed boards with yellow bills on in his front garden. This did not please us, so we (two of my brothers and another sister) late in the evening covered the yellow bills with blue ones, and on the trees hung blue strips of paper and tied more round the neck and tail of a large terra-cotta lion and put a large blue poster on its body.

—E. M. S.

NEW FOREST MOTOR TRAFFIC.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—May I call attention again in your columns to the urgent need for a strong code of rules and regulations to control the greatly increased motor traffic in the New Forest district? It is good to know that it will always be possible to find here the running waters unrestricted,

the great heaths and beautiful lawns unenclosed, and the footpaths and cattle tracks quiet and peaceful. But now the disturbance of our wild and half-wild animals and birds goes on all day long and often far into the night, so that naturalists and bird-lovers find their old peaceful haunts most sadly altered. Cars and chars-à-bancs penetrate into the quietest and most sequestered glades, where their occupants think nothing of defacing the trees, tearing up ferns and flowers by the roots, and littering the woods and streams with paper, tins and broken bottles. And now we have a long series of forest fires, which have destroyed acres of the beautiful golden gorse, heather and trees, besides killing numberless wild creatures in the flames and smoke. Lighted matches and cigarette ends tossed carelessly from the cars are chiefly responsible for these miles of blackened country along so many of the roads running through our beautiful National Park. Slowly and surely as the years pass on we shall have to deplore the extinction of many more species of our shy birds and rarer plants and insects. In no other part of the kingdom have we such a happy paradise for the study of wild life. Even in this age of commercialism is it not possible to preserve these few square miles from the depredations of people who, it is to be feared, are often too ignorant or selfish to appreciate the unique beauty of a noble forest? The keepers and police do all that is at present possible, but they cannot be in twenty places at once, and are considerably understaffed. Fines have long since ceased to act as a deterrent. We have a class of person let loose upon us, owing to the easy means of transport, whom it is almost impossible to control except by restricting cars to the main roads on pain of very heavy penalties.—WILLIAM CLIFFORD.

AN OLD SOMERSET FARMHOUSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Enclosed are two photographs of an old farmhouse in Somersetshire not very far from Bath. Could any of your readers kindly inform me what they think is the date of the house, and especially that of the old fireplace,



A SIXTEENTH CENTURY CHIMNEYPIECE.



"LOOKING TRANQUILITY."

which is in what must have been the principal living-room?—A. H. ROBINSON.

[The chimneypiece, which appears to contain a merchant's mark and the initials "I.H.," will date from the second half of the sixteenth century—a date which agrees with the charming exterior.—Ed.]

A CENSUS OF HERONRIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In quoting the results of the *British Birds* census of heronries in your issue of April 27th, Mr. H. W. Robinson remarks: "It comes as somewhat of a surprise that there are only 7,686 adult herons in England and Wales as a maximum, which seems to me a very small total." As I was responsible for the report in question, I should like to point out that simply to double the total of recorded nests is a most misleading method of assessing the adult population. First, it assumes that all adult herons breed every year and, further, it makes no allowance for a margin of error which, though in all probability quite small, must not be left out of the calculation. Immigration, emigration and other disturbing factors make it impossible to do more than guess about heron population, even after the census of nests has been taken, but with the best material in the way of figures and information that can at present be got I should put it at about 20,000 birds for England and Wales about the beginning of July, 1928, of which nearly half would be past their first year. Although the report is now out, Mr. F. H. Witherby, to whom the entire organisation of the census is due, is collecting amendments and additions of all sorts with a view to a supplementary paper. Any information of this description should be addressed to him as Editor of *British Birds* at 326, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.—E. M. NICHOLSON.

"AN OLD SPORTING PICTURE."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was much interested in the queries raised by your May 4th reproduction of "An Old Sporting Picture" and in the letter of your correspondent "A." As to the painting, I do not believe that Ben Marshall was the artist, nor any of those named by your correspondent. If "A." will visit Messrs. Ackerman's present exhibition, he will see "The Meet at Swanmore House. J. Smith." Between this and "A.'s" picture there is, as it seems to me, an extremely close relationship of painting and of composition. The painting of the horses' heads and the grouping of the hounds are most notably similar. Messrs. Ackerman could, no doubt, give an authoritative verdict and would, perhaps, be able to supply information leading to the answering of "A.'s" further query, "What is the Hunt?" The absence of any prominent landmark in this most attractive picture of "A.'s" will make it very difficult, one fears, to trace the locality with certainty. A petrol station or even a "departmental store" may, by now, have been dumped down in the mound which makes so pleasing a background to the Hunt group! For the rest, the more that we see of such pictures now the better. Unless your recent suggestion of a national collection of such sporting pictures is soon adopted, it will be very difficult of achievement. There who are in a position to know tell me that, if the old sporting pictures continue to leave the country at the present rate, to attempt to form such a collection will become quite out of the question within the next ten years.—E.

"A CUCKOO'S EGG STRANGELY PLACED."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With reference to the letter on "A Cuckoo's Egg Strangely Placed," the following incident repeats itself annually. A wagtail builds on the window sill of one of the bedrooms of this house year after year. We can watch her building her nest, and count the eggs as they are laid and see her feed her young when they are hatched. On several occasions a cuckoo's egg has been laid in this nest. Last year we left it for three or four days and then removed it. It was in this wagtail's nest also that a cuckoo was attempting to lay her egg when the incident occurred of which an account was published by COUNTRY LIFE in June, 1922, on which occasion the cuckoo laid her egg on my head. We are now anxiously waiting to see if the cuckoo is going to appear this year again.—LAVENDER DAWNAY.

ADOPTED.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which I took of a lamb being fed by a heifer on a farm close to Shaftesbury. Although a herd of some fifty cows was kept on the farm, the lamb would



THE LAMB AND ITS MAMMA.

without hesitation pick out the one particular heifer which had adopted it—even when standing in the yard with the rest of the herd. The photograph was taken in December, the lamb being a Dorset Horn.—B. M. LOWE.

TROUT IN A LAKE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I noticed in a recent issue a very interesting article on "Trout Waters" by "West Country." I am at the present time enlarging a lake on my property, and I would very much appreciate having some technical advice as to whether I ought to put gravel on the bed of the lake or plant vegetation.—C. L. F.

[We have submitted the above letter to "West Country," who replies as follows: "Your correspondent says he is enlarging a lake, but not whether this means digging out more earth or simply flooding a larger area. When new ground is submerged, trout thrive wonderfully for a few years owing to the increased food supplies, but as these are gradually exhausted the rate of growth is not maintained. Gravel on the lake bed would afford a harbour for the larvæ of caddis and other water insects, but whether it would be worth the expense of putting down depends on circumstances. If the lake is fed from a stream liable to get very dirty after heavy rain, the accumulation of mud would sooner or later bury it, and in this case I very much doubt if it would be any advantage. Some vegetation is almost essential if trout are to do well, but the particular kinds depend on circumstances. Some plants are good from an insect-producing point of view, but are liable to get out of hand and spread so rapidly that they make fishing almost impossible unless a lot of time and expense is incurred in keeping them cut. Much, therefore, depends on how easy it will be to control the weed, i.e., a small shallow lake will be easier to deal with than a large area of deep water. My article mentioned one or two plants which only grow to a height of a few

inches, and these would be quite safe to use. So also would marginal species like watercress and marsh marigold, and they are most valuable nurseries for fresh water shrimps and other small fry. I should certainly strip the sod in places round the margin and make beds of both these plants. If the lake is fed by a stream, beds might also be made through which its water supply can filter, and the trout food bred therein will be washed down into the lake."—ED.]

TWO HEREFORDSHIRE LIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The accompanying photographs are of some curious Norman sculpture in Herefordshire, one, I venture to think, of exceptional beauty. The tympanum at Stretton Sugwas, Herefordshire (which is not *in situ*, but belonged to an earlier church), no doubt represents Samson breaking the jaws of a lion, but it is curious to compare this with a very small carving on one of the interior capitals of the Priory Church at Leominster in the same county, of which I am sending a much magnified tele-photograph. The local legend gives quite a different interpretation to this, as the story goes that it refers to Merewald, a Mercian king of the seventh century, who was nicknamed "the Lion" on account of his ferocity, but was converted by a local monk who had dreamed that a lion was feeding out of his hand. Merewald eventually interviewed this monk, and was so much impressed by his conversation that he renounced his evil ways and reared a church on the scene of his interview. There is a great similarity between the Stretton Sugwas and Leominster sculpture, and although the latter is on a much smaller scale and cruder in workmanship, they are both alike as to treatment of subject, and the costumes are also of the same style. I should say that both examples refer to Samson and the lion.—W. A. CALL.



SAMSON OF STRETTON SUGWAS.



MEREWALD OF LEOMINSTER.

MODERN FINNISH ARCHITECTURE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your article on the Exhibition of Modern Commercial Architecture you alluded to Saarinen's railway station at Helsingfors. A few impressions formed during a recent visit to Finland may, therefore, be of interest. The people of Helsingfors are actually and vehemently interested in architecture, and in this new city one may see some of the most original and daring works of modern architectural genius. Here the designs of the future are being evolved, and the streets are like galleries in a museum of architecture, while the citizens talk about these buildings just as they talk about politics and books. Finnish architects have studied old traditions to learn from them and not merely to imitate. As the styles of Greece and Rome are so obviously unsuitable to their northern climate, they have taken new ideas and studied Gothic with a vivid understanding, which has resulted in the complete absence of sham-Gothic monstrosities. The exotic Byzantine styles so prevalent in Russia have been disregarded equally, and modern styles can only be described as being purely Finnish. The characteristic landscape of Finland with its low contours, its rich yet sombre colours, has been studied with care, and the wondrous effects of sunlight and blue skies on the thousand lakes are all expressed in the new art. The best material is, naturally, the native granite, and concrete is the second best, while the most striking impression of modern Finnish architecture is how the designs are fitted to the materials

and how each building seems eminently suited to the purpose for which it was erected. As well as appreciating the strength of granite, the Finnish architect also understands its texture, and there are many buildings in Helsingfors which illustrate with remarkable clarity how the beauty of polished and chiselled granite will combine elegance with the more usual quality of strength. Brick is used with granite very infrequently in this country, but in Finland it is quite usual to find granite used for the lower and sometimes the first storey of a building, while the upper storeys are constructed of brick. Not all Finnish buildings, however, are perfect examples of the new architecture. In the process of evolution many eccentricities have been erected, and the tendency of these always seems to be to create great strength to last for all time. This arrogance fails badly and gives only the appearance of a squat, misshapen giant, or, as Mr. MacCullum Scott expressed it so neatly, "They set up the Pillars of Hercules to support a cloud." The most famous modern Finnish architect is Gottlieb Eliel Saarinen, born at Rantasalmi in 1873. Among his best works are the railway stations at Helsingfors and Viborg, the town halls of Joensuu and Lapin, and the Esto Bank at Reval, while many of what are considered to be his lesser works are the most conspicuous adornments of Helsingfors. Lars Sonck is another modern of almost equal fame, and his Stock Exchange, built in 1912, is a remarkably fine building. The Berghalls Church is another example of the work of Sonck, which has carried the fame of Finnish architects far and wide throughout the world on account of its unique architectural interest. The remarkable fact of to-day, however, is that Finland has not produced just one or two geni only, but a whole school of national art. When the capital of the old grand duchy was moved from Abo to Helsingfors in 1812, Engel, the great German architect, was brought over to construct the new city, and most of the notable buildings of the earlier epoch are of his design. Without doubt the influence of Engel is responsible for the fine proportions of the later work. But it was not until the establishment of the architectural bureau of Saarinen, Gesellius and Lindgren that the distinctive Finnish architecture developed.—LEONARD V. DODDS.



THE STATION AT VIBORG BY SAARINEN.

THE ESTATE MARKET

MANSIONS TO BE LET

TWO or three more of the magnificent seats that may now be had on a tenancy are mentioned this week. Rentals, though not quoted openly, are very moderate, and in the case of some of the smaller properties thus offered an option to purchase may be acquired. Large acreages of shooting go with some of the houses.

Beaumanor Park, one of the principal seats in the Quorn country, is to be let furnished by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley in conjunction with Messrs. Shafto H. Sikes and Son. The mansion is seated in a beautifully wooded park of 400 acres and there are 3,800 acres of shooting. Last season 1,000 pheasants, 50 brace of partridges and 120 duck were shot. The estate is in the centre of the Quorn.

COBHAM HALL.

COBHAM HALL, the beautiful Kentish seat, which, as announced in *COUNTRY LIFE* of May 18th, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are to let for Lord Darnley, was thus referred to, in the year that Queen Victoria came to the throne, by a very well known Kentish writer: "A noble structure of brick, forming three sides of a square, the extremities of the wings terminating in octagonal towers. From the lawn opens the vestibule, fitted in the Turkish and Italian styles. The marble chimney-pieces are very elegant, small figures of Hercules, the Apollo, and the group of Psyche and Cupid exquisitely carved. Leaving this apartment we enter the music room, the length of which is 50 feet, by 40 feet, and height 44."

"The interior of the north wing recently underwent a thorough repair under the direction of Sir J. Wyatville, and a new Gothic arched entrance has been built. This communicates with a vaulted passage leading to the grand staircase, which has also been altered to the Gothic taste. Thence is the picture-gallery, 134 feet long. The four chimney-pieces, in common with all the rest in the old parts of the house, are beautifully wrought in white and black marble, bearing the Cobham arms and the date 1587. In an adjoining chamber Queen Elizabeth was lodged during her visit to William, Lord Cobham, in the first year of her reign, and her Royal arms are still on the ceiling. The park is diversified and well wooded, with gigantic oaks and wonderful lime avenues, and the mausoleum in the south-east end of the park cost £30,000." Shooting over 5,500 acres can be had.

BARNINGHAM HALL TO BE LET.

THE Norfolk coast estate at Holt, Barningham Hall, is to be let, with 4,200 acres of shooting, by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. The game bags begin with 1,216 pheasants and 1,354 partridges in 1917, and show a first-rate record during the years since, and in 1924-25 over 1,500 partridges were shot. The rent is about £1,000 a year. Barningham Hall is Jacobean, built of narrow red brick richly gabled, and has stone mullioned and transomed windows, tiled roof, stepped gables, stone finials and twisted chimneys; the richly timbered park is of 100 acres. Barningham is mentioned in Domesday. It became known as Barningham Winter when it was held by a family of the name in the fourteenth century; the same family holding it until Elizabeth's time. Soon after this the lordship came into the hands of the Pastons, and Sir Edward Paston pulled down the older house and built the present Hall in 1612, the west front being a very fine example of the time of James I—the double dormers are a peculiar feature and remain in their original state—while the drawing-room is a typical specimen of Elizabethan. About 1756, Thomas Paston, fifth in descent from Sir Edward Paston, sold the property to William Russell, a London merchant, from whom it passed into the hands of Thomas Lane, and he, in 1785, sold it to Thomas Mott, great-great-grandfather of the present owner. The Tudor arch over the front door carries a fanlight with stained glass, dated 1613. Over the porch are the date of the building and the arms of Sir Edward Paston.

THE CENTRE OF THE MEYNELL.

FOSTON HALL, on the border of Derbyshire and Staffordshire, is to be let, furnished, for a term of years by direction of the executors of the late Major Gerald H. Hardy. Foston is a very fine property,

standing over 200ft. above sea level, in a park of 50 acres, and has a fine walled garden and exceptionally good stabling. It is in the heart of the Meynell country, only two miles from the kennels, and there is hunting with four packs. Shooting can be obtained, and there is trout fishing. The house is beautifully furnished with many antique pieces, and presents a most attractive opportunity at 1,000 guineas per annum, plus payment of gardeners' wages by tenant. Messrs. Ralph Pay and Taylor have been appointed the sole agents.

Worplesdon Place, adjoining Whitmoor Common and Worplesdon, four miles from Guildford, is for sale with 60 acres, by order of the executors of the late Sir James Walker, who resided there for many years. The gardens are a special feature. Messrs. Winkworth and Co. will offer the property next month, and with them are associated Messrs. Chas. Osenton and Co.

A fifteenth century fluted and carved and fern pattern beamed ceiling should be worth much of the £1,185 paid for the Upper Goytre Farm, near Pandy, seven miles from Abergavenny, a holding of 60 acres, sold by Messrs. Fox and Sons and Messrs. Straker, Son and Chadwick.

HEACHAM HALL, NORFOLK.

HEACHAM HALL estate, 1,870 acres in the heart of a famous game country, close to Hunstanton and Sandringham, and within a mile of the coast, is to be offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, at Hanover Square on June 24th, and, if the principal lot is then sold, the remaining lots will be submitted at Norwich on July 13th. Heacham Hall is in the Georgian style, embodying portions of the original house and containing Adam mantelpieces. The park adjoins Heacham village, and there are four farms, two small holdings, Caley Mill and cottages, a lake of 4 acres, and one and a quarter miles of trout fishing from both banks of the Heacham river. Partridge shooting is particularly good.

No. 12, Carlton House Terrace will be offered in September by the Hanover Square firm, who have purchased, on behalf of a client, through Messrs. George Trollope and Sons, No. 45B, Chester Square, Belgravia.

Thanescroft, Shamley Green, near Guildford, will be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley with Messrs. Messenger and Morgan, at Hanover Square on June 13th, for Cubitt Estates, Limited. There is an old-fashioned residence surrounded by some 28 acres.

On June 13th, at Hanover Square, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley with Messrs. Messenger and Morgan will offer Bookhams, Churt, near Haslemere, a freehold of 34 acres, comprising a modern residence standing in matured grounds with two cottages and finely timbered woodlands. The property adjoins the Devil's Jumps, in the delightful Hindhead country. If not sold at Hanover Square, a sale in lots will be held at Haslemere on July 4th.

Killiechassie, 1,670 acres on the west bank of the Tay, is to come under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley at Edinburgh on June 26th for the executors of the late Lord Barnby. Killiechassie, in a favourite part of Perthshire, includes a grouse moor yielding from 100 to 200 brace, low ground shooting and trout with an occasional salmon in the Tay.

Vallay, situated on the island of Uist in the Outer Hebrides and extending to 3,600 acres, including the island of Vallay, has been placed in the hands of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley for sale.

Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have received instructions to offer by auction during the coming season St. Thomas, East Cowes, Isle of Wight, a residential property of about 9 acres.

Mrs. Wheatly Cobb has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer Kiln Quay, Trefusis, for sale by auction in June. The residence, a reproduction of an old Sussex manor house, overlooks Falmouth Harbour.

The executors of Mrs. Anne Riggs Jay have instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Dann and Lucas, to dispose of the contents of Blendon Hall, Bexley, on the premises on July 3rd.

No. 7, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, on behalf of the Hon. Mrs. Lindsay, to a client of Messrs. Constable and Maude.

THE BUYER OF TEST TROUTING.

LECKFORD ABBESS, with six miles of Test trouting, has been sold. The 1,879 acres, near Stockbridge, were in the hands of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. (Mount Street) for sale on behalf of the executors of the late Mr. Carrol Ansdell. Local reports are that the buyer is a Hampstead resident who is achieving an enviable reputation for the brilliancy with which he conducts the great business of which he is the head, and, above all, for the magnanimity of his outlook on the interests of the employees and others connected with the enterprise. He is setting up a standard which worthily carries on and extends his late father's policy in those matters. The property came into the market for sale owing to the death of Mr. Ansdell, to whom the firm sold it in 1917. In addition to the fishing rights, the water meadows and marshes show good wild-fowl shooting. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley acted for the buyer.

The Rectory, Stower Provost, has been privately sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. The district, six miles west of Shaftesbury, is undulating, with the Blackmore Vale, Blandford Downs and Wiltshire Downs contributing to its scenery.

BRAMSHOTT AND INGOLDISTHORPE.

LORD GEORGE CHOLMONDELEY has bought Bramshott Court, near Liphook, a house mainly of about eighteen years ago, which has been sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Mr. Reginald C. S. Evennett. The gardens, designed by Miss Jekyll, are the more beautiful for being intersected by the River Wey.

Crocker Hill House, four miles from Chichester, and another Queen Anne residence, Ryde House, Ripley, are for sale by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.

Privately, Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. have just been instructed to sell Owlpen Park estate, Gloucestershire, an old stone Georgian residence in a beautifully timbered park of 150 acres, commanding views of the Welsh hills. Hunting is obtainable six days a week with the Badminton and Berkeley packs, and polo and golf within five and three miles respectively.

CASTELLO DEVACHAN.

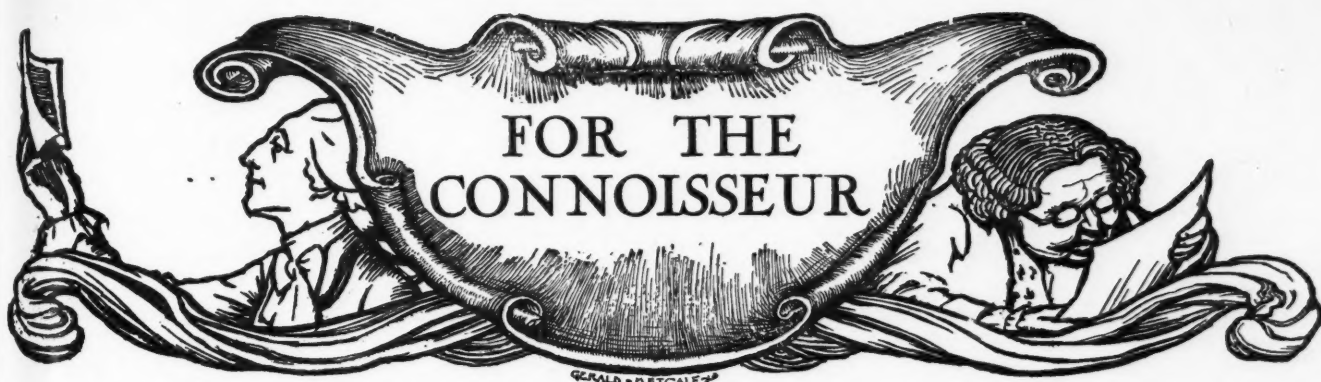
CASTELLO DEVACHAN, San Remo, built by the late Lord Mexborough twenty years ago, has changed hands. The castle is one of the most distinguished on the Riviera; it became famous in 1920, when the Peace Conference was held within it. Nearly all nations were represented, and the fact is recorded on a tablet. The castle occupies a magnificent situation overlooking San Remo, and the park and grounds are planted with trees from India and the Far East. Harrods' Estate Offices, in conjunction with their Riviera agent, Mr. J. Pullar-Phibbs, were instrumental in effecting the sale.

The sale is announced by Messrs. Collins and Collins of the freehold called Crown Lane End, Streatham, a detached house in 4 acres at the top of Streatham Common, and enjoying views for many miles.

Messrs. George Trollope and Sons have sold a Westminster freehold—No. 25, Buckingham Gate, overlooking St. James's Park—to Messrs. Debenham, Tewson and Chinnocks acting for the purchasers. Messrs. Trollope have also disposed of the Grosvenor estate lease, No. 6, Chester Square, in conjunction with Messrs. Marler and Marler.

THE SAVING OF DOVEDALE.

THANKS to Sir Hugo Fitzherbert of Tissington Hall, Dovedale has been saved, as he has bought the Izaak Walton Hotel and neighbouring woods which were recently withdrawn at an auction, and all sorts of dangers have been averted. The Derbyshire—or, some contend, Staffordshire—beauty spot cannot now be converted into a so-called "pleasure resort," with, perhaps, merry-go-rounds and shows as part of the attractions. It is a curious and regrettable fact that nature's beauty unadorned does not satisfy the average town-dweller. Whether it be some rural retreat or the more or less sophisticated scenery of places like Hampstead Heath, enjoyment of it is not complete without blaring organs and hideously aggressive painted swings and roundabouts, with, of course, all sorts of games of chance and coconut shies. **ARBITER.**



ON A CARVED CRAVAT BY GRINLING GIBBONS

IN the second half of the seventeenth century realism triumphed over convention in all forms of English decorative art. A significant reminder of this victory may be seen in a carving by Grinling Gibbons, representing a point lace cravat, which the Hon. Mrs. Walter Levy has lately presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum. This carving, now in exhibition among the Recent Acquisitions, is eloquent of its age and of a craftsman so highly gifted that he transformed existing practice and originated a style. Yet it may be doubted if he could have accomplished what he did had not his art accorded exactly with contemporary aspirations. He gave his patrons just what they sought, but far more than they hoped to receive; and, while remaining true to his own genius, was able to gratify their naive delight in the imitation of natural forms, a baroque tendency derived from Italy. That the conditions favoured him may be seen by the most cursory survey of Post-Restoration art. In furniture, plate, embroidery and decorative painting, representation was the ideal. It may be seen within narrow limits in the crowns, oak leaves, cherubs and grape-laden vines of Charles II chairs; on a larger scale in marquetry, where the birds and flowers were stained and shaded to a semblance of life. Realism, though quite alien to the art of the East, could not even be kept out of the English imitations of Oriental lacquer, and Stalker and Parker insist that their designs for "Japanning" are accurate representations of "Indian life." On silver plate, strapwork ornament of Flemish and German inspiration, was replaced by embossed cornucopias and festoons of fruit and flowers. For embroidery in wools on canvas, a characteristic Late Stuart art, the patterns are freely drawn from nature; while the laborious imitation of familiar things is carried to extravagant lengths on caskets and picture frames worked in silks.

This striving after verisimilitude may also be observed in architectural decoration, which offered an almost limitless field. For interior plasterwork Inigo Jones, John Webb and their school had enriched soffits with fruit and flowers and used boldly designed swags for their friezes; generalising the detail and placing the main emphasis on spacing and arrangement. After them the decoration was seldom subordinated to the moulded ribs: it overflowed the ceiling, the fruit and flowers, of which the species are easily recognised, being deeply undercut to imitate nature. The wall space provided an irresistible opportunity for bringing the external world within doors, and in Grinling Gibbons the age possessed a craftsman supremely fitted to gratify its

passion for naturalism. Choosing soft woods like pear and lime, he clothed the great projecting panels with birds, fruit and flowers, pea-pods, ears of corn and sprays of foliage, carved and modelled with amazing dexterity. He had a real instinct for balance and proportion; but, as Mr. Avray Tipping has said, "the whole of his marvellous skill of hand and eye was given over to exact imitation of natural forms, and the more the material in which he wrought lost its own character and took over that of the object it simulated, the greater the artistic triumph." His copious fancy turned to account not only the varied and abounding life of garden and field, but also details of costume, musical instruments and weapons of the chase.



CARVED POINT LACE CRAVAT BY GRINLING GIBBONS. Circa 1675-80.
Height 9½ ins., Width 8½ ins., Depth 2 ins.

Among his crowded swags of flowers he was fond of introducing some familiar thing to hold the spectator spellbound by the fidelity with which it was represented. And this frank appeal to the delight in representation won him the highest praise. It is significant that his contemporaries dwell long upon his "studious exactness," the miracles of execution with which he deceived the eye, and have little to say of the ability with which he conceived and carried out vast schemes of decoration. The ill-founded tradition that he set above his door a basket of flowers which trembled as the coaches rolled by expresses the tribute of those who saw in his work a new kind of sensation. So Luttrell, sharing the common view, will have it that Evelyn showed Charles II "a point cravat" as a specimen of the artist's skill; though Evelyn had plainly declared that it was the "Crucifixion of Tintoret." It was by a cravat that Gibbons was commemorated in the vast and miscellaneous collection of Horace Walpole, a curious toy complete in itself, wrought as a demonstration of what could be done by that unerring hand. There are carvings of just the same character at Hackwood, Petworth and Cullen; but each forms part of a decorative composition and takes its place amid the flowers and foliage. This cravat, given to Walpole by Grosvenor Bedford, was hung upon the wall in the apse of the "Tribune" at Strawberry Hill, described by the owner as "a vaulted room painted stone colour—the roof from the chapter-house at York . . . with the painted windows gives it the solemn air of a side chapel."

On May 11th, 1769, over a hundred and fifty years ago, Walpole writes to George Montagu that on the previous Tuesday Strawberry was in "great glory," for he was giving a *festino* or grand reception. He entertained four and twenty guests, including M. and Mme du Chatelet, the Duc de Liancourt, the Spanish and Portuguese Ministers. "They arrived at two. At the gates of the Castle I received them, dressed in the cravat of Gibbon's carving, and a pair of gloves embroidered up to the elbows that had belonged to James the First. The French servants stared, and firmly believed this was the dress of English country gentlemen." And so, in respect to the neckwear, it was, half a century before, when Venetian point lace cravats were fashionable throughout Europe. This specimen, bell-shaped and tied at the throat by a bow of ribbons, is in the style of about 1675; but by 1700 the tie, or cravat-string, was discarded, and the folds were larger, falling in picturesque disorder. In this early fashion the pleasing contrast of vertical and horizontal lines, the formal folds, the rich and intricate pattern of the lace, padded and raised at the edges with a charming play of light and shade, seems to have taken Gibbons' fancy, causing him to delight in repeated renderings of this piece of finery; though a single slip of the chisel would be fatal. Here, in Walpole's words, "the art arrives even to deception."

This carving was Lot 99 on the fifteenth day of the Strawberry Hill sale in 1842, when it was bought by the Baroness—then Miss—Burdett-Coutts for nine guineas. It remained at No. 1, Stratton Street until her death, when the late Sir Hercules Read acquired it. At the sale of his collection in November of last year Mrs. Levy purchased the cravat and gave it to the Museum, where it joins the kingwood cabinet with ivory statues designed by Walpole in 1743, which formerly hung near to it in the Tribune at Strawberry. Both objects from that inestimable collection have been saved for the nation by private generosity. This cravat and some fragments of decoration from Cassiobury presented by Mr. Harry Lloyd are all that the Museum possesses of "the stupendous and beyond all description the incomparable carving of our Gibbons."

RALPH EDWARDS.

A PAIR OF BONHEUR DU JOUR TABLES.

It was in France in the second half of the eighteenth century that the most brilliant effects of marquetry were achieved in furniture; and English cabinet-makers of the satinwood period closely followed the designs of French *marqueteurs*, succeeding in inlaying fine furniture with *motifs* of flowers grouped in baskets or vases, or knotted by ribbons, or with trophies, urns and classical detail. In these *motifs* a variety of delicate colours in

stained holly was employed, relieved against grounds of harewood, satinwood and other woods, but with a tendency to light tones. The soft rippled figure of harewood (or stained sycamore), is even more agreeable as a light background than satinwood, and much of the finest inlaid cabinet-work of the Late Georgian period is veneered with this wood. A pair of inlaid tables of *bonheur du jour* form, at Mr. Albert Amor's of St. James's Street, is veneered with inlaid harewood, relieved by cross-bandings of tulipwood. The frieze of the table portion is inlaid with large satinwood paterae, connected by links of a chain, and the rim decorated by a rosetted guilloche. Upon the table-top is a trophy consisting of a rustic hat garlanded with flowers, and a shepherd's crook; while upon the two doors enclosing the small drawers of the upper structure is a patera and festoon of husks suspended by links. The top is decorated with a spray of foliage and flowers, and on either side is an oval inlaid with a patera. The centre of the upper structure is recessed; and the legs of the table, which are tapered and decorated on the front face with links and a pendant of graduated husks, terminate in shaped feet. This unusual type of table is directly borrowed (as is its name) from France, where it made its first appearance about 1760, as a light and feminine variant upon the bureau, and is mentioned in an inventory of the Duc de Villars in 1770 as "un secretaire dit bonheur du jour, avec son dessus de marbre." In the French *bonheur du jour* the upper stage served to contain small objects in its cupboards

and receptacles, while the lower stage was sometimes enclosed as a cupboard. Also indebted to French models is a pair of armchairs in which the flowing lines of the seat rail are continued into the cabriole leg, and the frame of the upholstered back is also serpentine. This type of chair is characteristic of Hepplewhite's interpretation of French models, and bears little ornament but a small narrow fluted or carved fan on the knee. In the second pair, which is covered in fine *petit-point* needlework of floral design, the design of the leg is similar, but the needlework is carried over the rail.

In Ireland during the eighteenth century furniture in mahogany was produced following at a little distance in date the main lines of English styles, but with interesting and characteristic differences. The material is fine "Spanish" mahogany, which lends itself to a good patina; and the top of side tables is always of mahogany, not, as was customary in England, of marble. The cabriole leg is often enriched with a band, or ornamental hock, above a paw foot which is angular in plan, and the carving is often spread out and, as it were, pressed and flattened in appearance. In a side table at Mr. Amor's, some Irish characteristics, such as the peculiar paw foot with its enriched band, appear, but

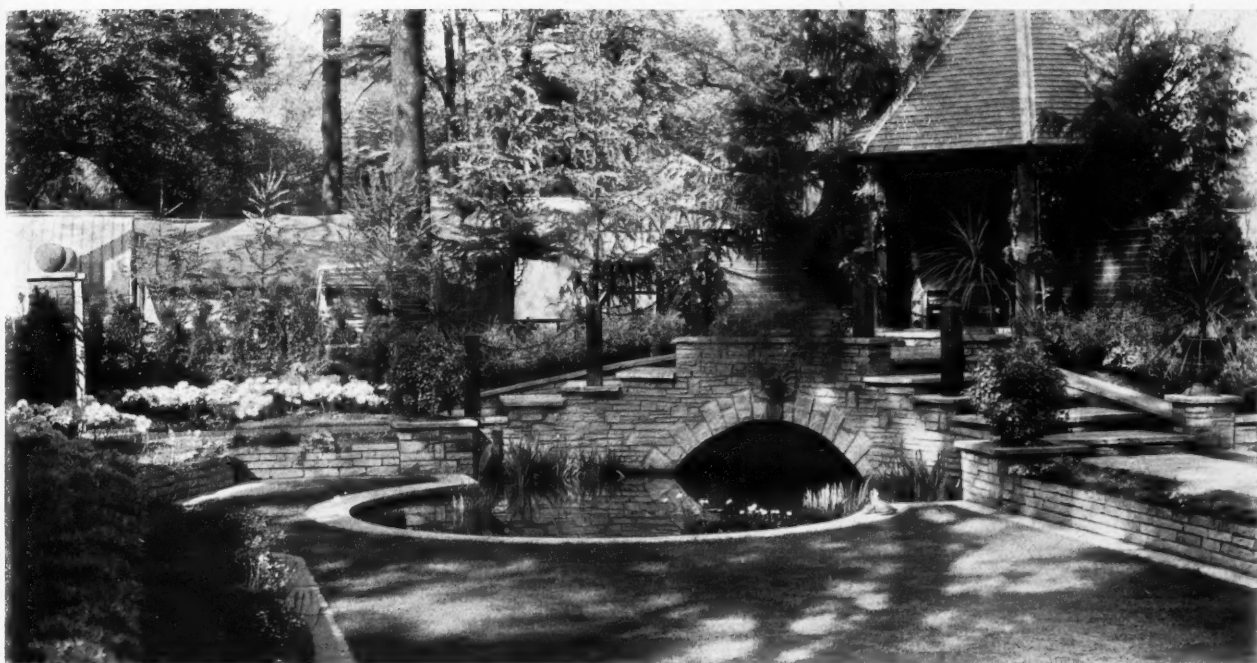
the drawing of the cabriole leg is elegant, and the carving of the lion-mask and festoons of the apron of excellent quality. The upper half of the leg is carved with a long acanthus leaf, relieved against a trellis ground, and from the rosetted spring of this leaf hangs a berried festoon of leaves attached to the elaborate scrolled cartouche in the centre from which a boldly modelled lion mask projects. The apron at the side is carved with a drapery swag; the frieze is plain, as is usual on these richly treated tables, and the table-top carved on the edge with gadrooning. In the same collection is a tripod mahogany fire screen, in which the tripod legs of the standard are carved with a geometrical design or latticework reminiscent of Chinese frets, while the needlework panel is worked with a centre figure subject in *petit-point* in brilliant colours, with a surround of *gros-point*; and a pair of pedestals designed for an angle of which the fluted shaft tapers rapidly, and of which the frieze is carved with a patera and drapery, and the cornice with leaves. At Mr. Amor's is also a set of Worcester vases, decorated with panels in sepia after Thomas Barker, representing a graceful figure in a series of poses in a landscape. Thomas Barker, whose work had a great hold on popular favour, and several of whose pictures were copied on contemporary pottery and china, as well as reproduced on Manchester cottons and Glasgow linens, stayed at Merton with Lord Nelson and the Hamiltons, and the set was produced to the order of Lord Nelson in 1801.

J. DE SERRE.



A TABLE OF BONHEUR DU JOUR FORM.

THE CHELSEA SHOW



THE WELL-DESIGNED FORMAL WATER GARDEN LAID OUT BY MESSRS. EN TOUT CAS.

THE general opinion of the Chelsea Show of 1929, which was held under the auspices of the Royal Horticultural Society on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday last week, was that it was a good show. But that is said of Chelsea every year, and every year it is no less certain that it is true, for nowhere in the world is there ever gathered together in one area such a vast, varied and magnificent collection of flowers and gardens and garden accessories. It is a show dear to the gardener's heart, a splendid display of bloom and colour, but, above all, an object lesson in plant cultivation and a reminder, if any is needed, that we are fast becoming a nation of gardeners.

Considerable doubt was expressed in horticultural circles, and among those who know the inner workings of the horticultural trade, as to how the very trying weather which has been experienced this spring was going to affect the display. On all sides one heard mournful tales of inability to stage anything, owing to the frost and drought, but, despite the hardships of an abnormal season, exhibitors once more proved their mettle and showed their ability to rise above all difficulties and presented a display that was fully equal to the standard of previous years, and which, in some respects, surpassed former shows. That, in itself, is a real triumph for the British horticultural trade. The Show was larger than in previous years, not only as regards the actual space devoted to exhibits, but also in the number of exhibitors themselves. New firms are being attracted to Chelsea in increasing numbers, a proof that Chelsea, as well as being a floral exhibition, is a business proposition. To the credit of the Royal Horticultural Society it must be said that the exhibition was again admirably organised, and the modifications introduced in the general lay-out were highly satisfactory. Next year it is to be hoped that further changes will be made in the main avenue opposite the gardens, and that the whole of the space will be devoted to groups of flowering shrubs, sweeping the exhibits of garden furniture elsewhere. The placing of the greenhouses in a group by themselves and devoting the space to bold shrub groups was a distinct success, and added greatly to the beauty and attractions of the main avenue.

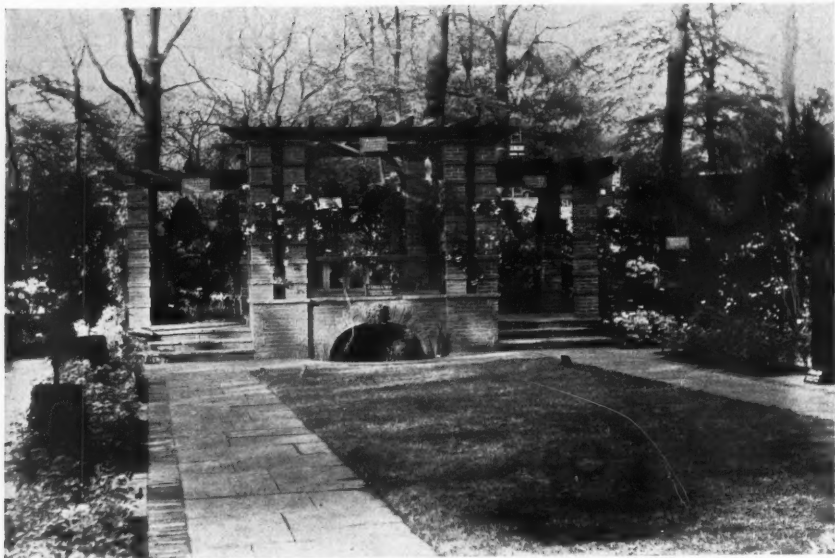
Now that the feature has been introduced, there is no reason why it cannot be extended. Additional space was devoted to roses and also to exhibits of sundries, which increase in number every year, while an additional marquee was erected to house an interesting and novel exhibit brought over from the United States by Mrs. A. Sherman Hoyt, a prominent member of the Garden Club of America and an enthusiastic gardener.

Mrs. Sherman Hoyt's exhibit, which was in three sections, took the form of a desert garden, a scene representing Death Valley and a grove in the redwood forests in California. It was an attempt to show something of the natural beauty, the flora and fauna of that interesting part of the world, and the exhibit was exceedingly well arranged and true to life, although allowance had to be made for the crowding in of many features in small space which in reality would be found in hundreds of square miles. In the desert garden several genera and species of the cactus family and numerous other xerophytic plants were shown growing in their natural habitat. *Opuntias*, *echinocactus*, *Yucca arborescens* and the desert holly, *Atriplex hymenelytra* were all shown as living specimens, while in the redwood grove the under-bush consisted of ferns, various shrubs, like the mahonia and huckleberry, and different flowering plants, including oxalis. It was the first exhibit of its kind at Chelsea, and the thanks of gardeners are due to Mrs. Hoyt's kindness and trouble in bringing the exhibit from her home in California to Chelsea. We understand that all the plants which she has brought over have been gifted to the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, where they will add greatly to the interest of the collection of cacti.

It is often said that there is a tendency for Chelsea to become the same year after year, and that is becoming partly true; but this year there was more variety in the floral exhibits, for the season allowed auriculas and tulips to be shown at their best, even a few late daffodils were on view, and yet at the same time included peonies, dahlias and gladioli. Every year Chelsea extends its sphere of exhibits, and had we but chrysanthemums, the garden year would be completed at one stroke. Such a varied collection of plants is due to the energy and enterprise of the trade growers who make such exhibits out of season



A CHARMING VISTA IN MESSRS. WALLACE'S FORMAL GARDEN.



THE FORMAL ROSE GARDEN DESIGNED BY MESSRS. CHEAL.



A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF AN OLD-FASHIONED WALLED GARDEN LAID OUT AND PLANTED BY MESSRS. GAZE.



THE JAPANESE GARDEN OF MESSRS. WOOD WITH ITS TURFED HILL, IRREGULAR POOL AND GARDEN HOUSE.

possible. It is not so much in the actual exhibits where there is a tendency to similarity, it is in the method of staging. No doubt, the question of methods and styles of staging exhibits has troubled many an exhibitor who wishes to break away from the general rut, but every year the same groups, banks and masses of flowers and shrubs appear. The Society and the Show Committee might doubtless help exhibitors by allocating different-sized spaces and by making alterations in the general lay-out of the marquees suitable to fresh styles of staging. In this connection we were most interested to see the novel exhibit of apples arranged by Messrs. Bunyard. Here was a method of showing, although we dare not hope it would appeal to everyone who saw it, which was at least a genuine attempt to introduce a new idea into exhibiting and to break away from the usual style followed for the last few years. It is a lead which, if taken up and modified by different exhibitors to suit their individual requirements, would give an added interest to Chelsea and would, if persisted in, rank distinction with greatness and beauty at this magnificent Show. The achievements of Chelsea have been great in the past; they can be still greater in the future.

ROCK AND FORMAL GARDENS.

Several of the formal gardens showed a noted difference in design from those in past years, and the general excellence was quite noticeable. With hardly an exception, they were possible both to live with and to make, and showed the type of small garden we should all like to possess.

Perhaps the most novel of all the exhibits at Chelsea was the small wall garden shown by Messrs. Gaze. A flower show is not the place where one would expect to see such a perfect example of an old-fashioned garden, so carefully designed and in keeping that even an old apple tree, obviously the relic of a past generation, had its place in one of the borders. A high wall surrounded three sides, with a neat iron gate at the far end; everything was there, a sunk lawn with forget-me-nots and violets rambling on the top of the low retaining wall, herbaceous borders filled with first-class plants, and rambling roses on the walls. The whole effect was charming and could hardly be better. The only practical fault was that the lawn was brought close up to the low retaining wall—an important defect that would be immediately felt on cutting.

Messrs. Wallace made an attractive garden with a stone pool and a neat thatched hexagonal hut. There was turf on either side of the pool, with a particularly well designed path of stone and brick. Beyond the turf were beds of ornamental shrubs and a fine display of azaleas. Although this garden was simple, it was well planned, carefully planted and very restful.

A novel situation was chosen by Messrs. William Wood and Son for their Japanese garden, with a steep turfed hill on the left, and on it one or two boulders cleverly planted. The edges of the irregular pool were lined with upright planks, and a great stone slab formed a bridge. A well designed wooden garden house stood above the pool, and sanded paths led to it with round stepping-stones. The high hill broke the contour of the ground, and the result was certainly novel. Rounded hillocks were also the main feature of Messrs. Cutbush's garden, and between them ran a winding stream, the banks being carefully broken and planted. A miniature golf course was suggested in this garden, but if the owner valued his plants, nobody under a plus 2 handicap would be allowed to play. Messrs. Cheal had

a more formal garden with a centre of turf and a raised brick pergola at the far end, on either side were planted borders and beds filled with polyantha roses, azaleas, primulas and astilbes. It was a simple and practical garden. Formal also was the garden made by the En-Tout-Cas Company. The main theme in this garden was a semicircular pool in one corner with a well designed garden house overlooking it on a stone platform. In front of the pool a low dry stone retaining wall surrounded a sunk turfed walk with beds of azaleas beyond. Of its type this garden was most effective and showed great skill of workmanship.

Another most effective garden was that made by Garden Services, and one particularly suited for town. At the far end was a garden temple made entirely of wood, with two great round pillars supporting the roof. This stood on a stone platform and overlooked a turfed square with plain paved paths. The outside of the garden consisted of brick walls in front of which were narrow beds planted entirely with conifers, and at the near end was a small and simple semicircular pool, and a paved terrace above it with a plain brick balustrade.

Although this garden was flowerless, the design could not have been better for the purpose for which it was meant,

end, in which were planted bog plants; on the top of the big cliff was a plateau bright with saxifrages and Alpine phloxes; while the ground around the pools was turfed. This was a charming garden of its type, but showed a few faults even in the restrained planting.

Of a totally different type was that shown by Messrs. Whitelegg, with a twin stream which joined at the bottom of the garden. In this case numerous rocks were placed with great skill so as to make situations of every condition and aspect for as many different plants as possible. This was just the kind of garden for the Alpine enthusiast who is interested in growing rare plants. The planting was extremely well done, and the sweeps of *Primula viscosa* and *Gentiana verna* were particularly natural. Once more Mr. Whitelegg proved himself a rock garden designer of considerable merit. Messrs. Hodson's stream garden was also attractive, with very natural outcrops of rock with primulas and trollius close by the waterfall and groups of *Gentiana acaulis* growing in grass. Messrs. Pulham also relied on a stream with outcrops, in this case the planting was done boldly, with very attractive groups of Alpine phloxes, trollius and saxifrages.

Messrs. W. E. Th. Ingwersen, Limited, Messrs. Duncan Tucker, and Messrs. Clarence Elliott all showed excellent forms



THE ROCK GARDEN DESIGNED BY MR. GEO. WHITELEGG.



THE CALIFORNIAN DESERT GARDEN EXHIBITED BY MRS. A. SHERMAN HOYT.

namely, as a small place of rest on a fine day in a city.

Finally, Mr. McDonald, the famous grass specialist, showed a garden of his perfect turf surrounded with a low yew hedge, in front of which were planted a few ornamental grasses.

Perhaps it is difficult, with the ground at the disposal of rock garden designers, to make any great change in the general scheme from year to year, and this year we thought that, with one or two exceptions, the gardens were almost too reminiscent of what we had seen at past Shows at Chelsea; but that is hardly the fault of the exhibitors, as the site is always the same. We should like, however, to point out that the error was noticeable in one or two of the gardens this year of turfed areas which it would be quite impossible to keep tidy in a real rock garden. Outcrops of rock are charming, but if they are numerous and are entirely surrounded with turf, it is impossible to mow the ground around them, which means hand-clipping, a labour too great for most rock gardeners.

The design which showed the greatest break-away from the ordinary was that of Messrs. Gavin Jones, Limited. The centrepiece was an enormous cliff, running sheer down into a pool. From this main pool the water dropped into a second one, with a small marsh at the



THE EFFECTIVE ROCK AND WATER GARDEN SHOWN BY MESSRS. PULHAM.

of the less ambitious rock garden, such as is suited for ground where running water is more or less at a premium. The rock was well placed with a view to making most use of the ground. As usual, the collections of alpine were excellent.

Messrs. Hillier made an effective attempt at a rivulet garden with no rock, and with candelabra primulas and dwarf rhododendrons growing below cherries on the banks of a stream, with azaleas on a slope at the back. We believe that this is the first time such a garden has been tried at Chelsea, and from the spectacular standpoint it was most effective.

GREENHOUSE FLOWERS.

Once more the honour of winning the Sherwood Cup for the most meritorious exhibit in the Show has fallen to Messrs. Sutton and Sons of Reading, who staged a magnificent collection of greenhouse flowers arranged with wonderful skill and artistic effect. This is the third occasion since the war that Messrs. Sutton have gained the premier award in the horticultural world, and there can be nothing but congratulation for all the members of the staff of the firm and their co-operative efforts to make such a success possible. In their exhibit, which was laid out in the form of banks of different flowers intersected by paths, there were groups of distinct varieties arranged for colour effect. Calceolarias, gloxinias, streptocarpus, schizanthus, the old *Lobelia tenuior*, in its white and blue varieties, grouped with the dainty yellow calceolaria *The Fairy*, cinerarias and a centrepiece of *salpiglossis*, with baskets and overhead drapery of *Begonia Lloydii* formed the main masses of colour. Here and there were other items of interest, as, for example, a small corner of the tropics with *Gloriosa Rothschildiana* luxuriating over a moss-covered bank and pool, a few plants of *Clerodendron fallax* and *Gerbera Jamesoni*. It was a splendid group, and showed the results of extreme skill in cultivation, particularly in this difficult season.

Another admirable gold medal collection was that shown by Messrs. Carters, who had a formal arrangement with flat beds filled with gloxinias, streptocarpus, hippeastrums, calceolarias and nemesias set in colour groups. *Schizanthus* formed a striking centrepiece, and the bowls of sweet peas, each shown in one variety at the corners of the exhibit, were very effective. The plants were all well grown and gave some idea of the variety of decoration that garden owners may have in their greenhouses at the present time. Messrs. Webbs staged a bold group comprising the cactus, superb and stellata strains of cineraria, calceolarias, gloxinias, schizanthus and *salpiglossis*; while annuals in pots, including clarkias, nemophila, nemesias and *dimorphotheca*, were also well shown. One of the striking varieties of cineraria shown was one named "Matador," of a remarkably deep shade.

Messrs. Dobbie had a splendid collection of well grown plants of calceolarias in variety which showed good cultivation and gave some idea of the richness in colour of the modern strains and their value for greenhouse decoration and summer bedding outside. Mr. H. J. Jones again excelled with



MESSRS. HILLIER'S ATTRACTIVE WATER AND WOODLAND GARDEN.

his hydrangeas, which he showed in excellent condition and well arranged for colour effect.

Visitors to Chelsea have now come to expect a high standard from Messrs. Blackmore and Langdon with their begonias, and on this occasion they were not disappointed, for the exhibit was fully up to the general excellence of its predecessors. Most of the older varieties were shown in splendid condition, like Lady Ann, Albartross, the fine Hilda Langdon and three novel-

ties in Mr. J. Raeburn Mann of a deep rose shade; Betty Hampton, a salmon orange; and Mrs. J. B. Butler, of a salmon blush shade. The plants were well grown and the individual blooms of perfect form and texture, standing as the ideal at which to aim in begonia cultivation. Several of the attractive varieties for use in baskets were also shown to give a finish to the exhibit, including Betha, Fleur de Chrysanthème and Gladys.

Two groups of stove plants came from Messrs. Russells of Richmond and Messrs. John Peed. In the former collection there was an admirable variety of foliage plants chiefly comprising anthuriums and crotons, with a range of ferns. A fine variety of *Anthurium crystallinum* called longifolium with well marked white veining was outstanding. Another notable plant was *Bilbergia Forgettiana*. *Epiphyllum Gartneri* was shown well flowered, and in a small pool were shown the blue-flowered *Nymphaea stellata* and a charming deep rose species, name unknown, but said to be a night-flowering species, which belied its reputation by opening in the daytime, no doubt due to the fact that the flowers were cut and placed in cold water. Messrs. Peed's group also contained a large variety of foliage plants, with groups of hydrangeas for colour.

Hippeastrums, Australian shrubs and other greenhouse plants were shown by Messrs. Stuart Low in their large group.

An interesting and very good collection of cacti in small pots was staged by Mr. T. M. Endean and attracted well deserved attention. These plants are now coming greatly into favour for growing indoors in towns, where they prove eminently satisfactory. A large number of species were shown, indicating the wide range of form of these fascinating plants.

TULIPS.

Owing to the lateness of the season tulips were present in greater numbers and in better condition than for many years past. The most outstanding group was that arranged by Messrs. Barrs, who are to be congratulated on putting up the finest exhibit of tulips ever seen at Chelsea. They surpassed all their efforts of previous years, and their gold medal collection will for long be remembered as an outstanding feature of Chelsea, 1929. The collection consisted principally of Darwin varieties, with a striking centre of Prince of Orange. The colour grouping was well done, and yellows were prominent in relieving the richer and darker tones of crimsons, browns and reds. The two yellows, Walter T. Ware and Mrs. Moon, were admirable and each variety was as good as it could be in quality and colour. By their exhibit Messrs. Barrs have shown themselves to be still in the forefront of bulb specialists.

Four smaller exhibits were staged by Messrs. Bath,

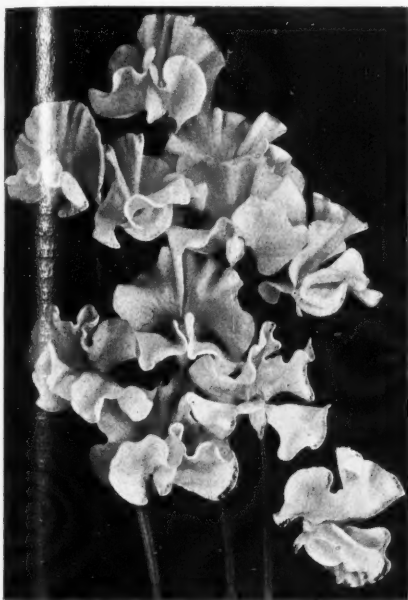


A CORNER OF MESSRS. SUTTON'S EXHIBIT OF GREENHOUSE FLOWERS WHICH WAS AWARDED THE SHERWOOD CUP.

Mr. Alfred Dawkins, Mr. H. G. Longford and Mr. George Miller, in each of which Darwin varieties were prominent. Mr. Duncan Pearson of Lowdham also staged a fine collection in which were several choice varieties; while in other mixed groups tulips were well represented.

TREES AND SHRUBS.

Considering the amazing weather during the winter and spring, the exhibits of trees and shrubs were exceptionally good, although, perhaps, rather fewer in number than usual. Many of them had been grown entirely in the open and others had only been lifted a week or two before the Show, so as to ensure that their flower buds were not damaged by inclement weather. Messrs. Hillier's exhibit was noticeable for the variety of flowering cherries and pyrus; indeed, we have rarely seen better. These two genera have come much to the fore lately, and with so many good varieties on the market, it is difficult to pick out which are the best. There were two, however, on this stand which are worthy of becoming much better known—*Prunus serrulata conspicua*, one of the very best



SWEET PEA BEATTALL, A NEW VARIETY OF AN ORANGE-CERISE SHADE, PERFECT IN SIZE AND COLOUR SHOWN BY MR. R. BOLTON IN HIS GOLD MEDAL GROUP.

of all single pinks, and *P. serrulata longipes* Oku-Miyako, with very serrated leaves and bunches of double flowers, white, flushed with pink, on long pedicels; the latter is particularly attractive in a big plant when viewed from below. This exhibit was worthy of its award of a gold medal. Mr. W. J. Marchant also showed rare trees and shrubs, such as the fine *Pieris taiwanensis*, *Plagianthus divaricatus* and *Osmanthus Forrestii*; although they were all either young plants or sprays, they showed excellent cultivation. Messrs. Cheal also staged a collection of mixed shrubs and trees, and this stand was noticeable particularly for splendid bushes of the hardy and fairly new small-flowered Japanese azaleas, which are very free-flowering and form bushes about four feet in height.

Among other attractive exhibits were Messrs. Watson's, who showed their well known hardy brooms, such as Lord Lambourne and Dorothy Walpole. Mr. Turner, with his speciality of lilacs; and the excellent collection embracing many *leptospermums* staged by The Donard Nursery Company. The decorative maples shown by Messrs. Fromow were also of admirable quality.



MESSRS. BLACKMORE AND LANGDON'S ADMIRABLE GROUP OF BEGONIAS, EACH VARIETY PERFECT IN QUALITY AND COLOURING.



THE SPLENDID COLLECTION OF GREENHOUSE FLOWERS SHOWN BY MESSRS. CARTER COMPRISING SCHIZANTHUS, GLOXINIAS, HIPPEASTRUMS AND SWEET PEAS.



THE GROUP OF WELL-GROWN PLANTS OF CALCEOLARIAS IN VARIETY STAGED BY MESSRS. DOBBIE.

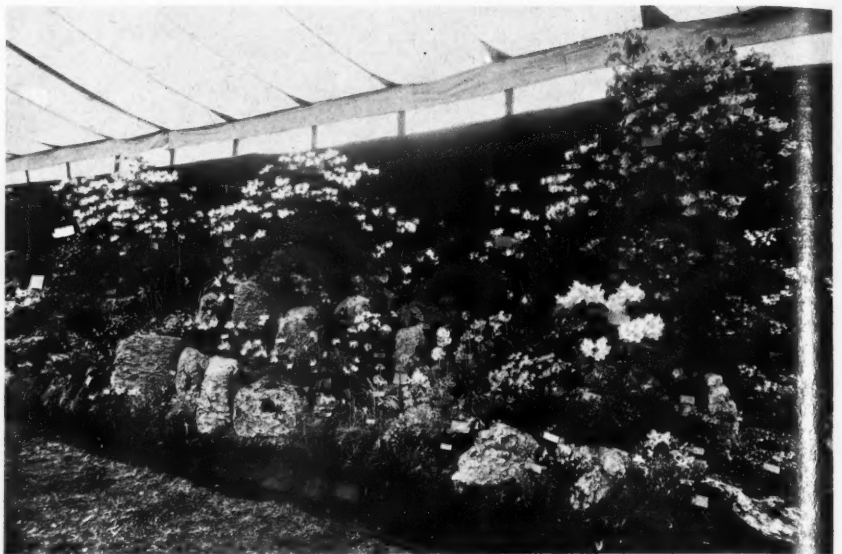
Messrs. Jackman's stand of clematis, which received a gold medal, showed to what perfection this climber has now come both in the size of the individual bloom and of the delicate shade of colouring. We noted the very large flowers of rich violet of Lasurstein, the lavender Mrs. Cholmondley and Fair Rosamund, white with purple stamens; these are all single, which suits this type of flower better than the double varieties.

Azaleas were as striking as ever, and the colour seems to become more brilliant each year. Messrs. Cuthbert's gold medal exhibit was magnificent, and included both well known varieties and novelties; among them were the deep flame-coloured Mrs. Oosthoek and Lemonora, which is very well named, with large flowers opening a greenish yellow touched with orange towards the tips. Messrs. Whitelegg also had a fine exhibit of azaleas, with the scarlet-orange Anna Dyke, one of the very best of this colour, and a fine group of the lemon-yellow Thomas Edison to the fore.

One of the best exhibits in the whole Show was that staged by Lady Aberconway and the Hon. H. D. McLaren. The primulas and greenhouse plants are dealt with elsewhere, but among them were magnificent specimens of rhododendrons, mostly species. Indeed, it is doubtful if finer plants have ever been shown. There were the rare *R. insigne*, with loose trusses of pink flowers flushed with rose on the outside; two splendid plants of *Rh. callimorphum*, with very pale rose flowers produced in the greatest profusion; a number of dwarf rhododendrons, such as *calostrotum*, and a hybrid called *Vanessa*, of the unique flame colour of *Rh. Griersonianum* × *Soulbert*, with flowers of the same vivid flame colour, but larger, and the plant more compact in habit.

Messrs. Gill also exhibited rhododendrons, both hybrids and species, among them the pale pink *Rh. pentamerum* from Japan, and Peter Koster, with flattish flowers of what might be called an old-rose crimson, a fine rich colour. Messrs. Waterer showed a fine group of their hardy hybrids; many of them are so well known that they require no comment. There are, however, three which are worth more attention, the old white *Boule de Neige*, one of the hardiest of all white hybrids; *Mother-of-Pearl*, a pale sport from *Pink Pearl* and a lovely shade of creamy white just tinged with pale pink; and the new *Glory of Bagshot*, a hybrid of *George Hardy*, with white flowers flushed with pink, rather larger than those of the parent.

In Messrs. Wallace's group of hybrid rhododendrons in their larger exhibit we noted the deep rose *J. H. van Ness*, a very clear colour; the excellent *Diphole Pink* and the paler rose *Mrs. C. B. van Ness*. Mr. Slocock has been producing a number of fine new hybrid rhododendrons within the last few years, among them being seedlings of *Rh. campylocarpum*. Almost all these are excellent and of various shades of yellow. They are free-flowering and perfectly hardy, and the few shown on his stand were striking examples of new hybrids. Good hybrids were also shown by Mr. Fred Street.



THE INTERESTING EXHIBIT OF UNCOMMON PLANTS, INCLUDING RHODODENDRONS, PRIMULAS, MECONOPSIS AND CYPRIPEDIUMS, SHOWN BY LADY ABERCONWAY AND THE HON. H. D. MCLAREN, WHICH WAS AWARDED THE CAIN CUP.

Another notable shrub exhibit which won a gold medal was that staged by Mr. R. C. Notcutt, who showed, among other shrubs, lilacs and brooms, all in splendid condition.

PRIMULAS AND MECONOPSIS.

The exhibits and collections of primulas are coming to be a strong feature of Chelsea, and indicate the increasing popularity of the plant for garden decoration. Every year more and more exhibitors devote part of their group to these admirable plants, and the garden owner has no excuse for not recognising in them a plant of real garden merit. The enormous variety which is to be found in their ranks, both in habit and flower colour, is one of their strong points in making a wide appeal. For the rock garden, water and woodland garden, or for the shrub border they are equally serviceable for decoration.

Mr. G. H. Dalrymple, probably the leading trade grower, had an excellent collection, the centrepiece of which was formed with his fine *P. hybrida* *Sir George Thursby*, a cross between *P. japonica* and *P. Lissadell* hybrid. It is of a rich crimson with a deeper eye, and most striking in the mass, as it is a strong grower and carries many tiers of flowers. Among other species which were shown were *P. chionantha*, *P. involucrata*, several seedlings of *P. microdonta* *alpicola* which showed signs of colour variation, *PP. Forrestii*, *Wardii*, *semptemloba* and *chrysopa*. Another excellent group was that staged by Colonel and Mrs. Kemmis, who showed a fine batch of *PP. nutans*, *microdonta* *alpicola* and *violacea*, several forms of *PP. japonica*, *seclusa*, *vittata*, *helodoxa*, and an interesting cross between *P. anisodora* and *P. helodoxa*, which bears distinct evidence of its parentage, with its *helodoxa* leaf and a flower colour intermediate between the parents. It is not a striking garden plant as the colour is poor, but is interesting on account of its parents, indicating that *P. helodoxa* will at least cross with certain species.

Messrs. Oliver and Hunter of Moniaive, in their group of alpiques, showed several good plants of *PP. hikimensis*, *microdonta*, *lepta*, *Littoriana* and *Giraldiana* *alba*; while Messrs. Baker showed *P. Florindæ* and several others.

Mr. Douglas staged a splendid collection of *P. auricula*, indicating the wide range in flower colour and the value of this commoner for garden decoration, a fact that should not be overlooked in the desire to obtain new species. The plants were well grown and showed evidence of good and skilful cultivation.

Several species were represented in the admirable exhibit of Lady Aberconway and the Hon. H. D. McLaren which was awarded the Cain Cup for the best exhibit by an amateur. *P. atricapella*, a cross between *P. anisodora* and *P. helodoxa*; the dainty *PP. flexilipes*, *latisecta*, *chionantha*, *chrysopa*, a cross between *P. redolens* and *P. Forrestii*, with light cream flowers with a yellow eye, were among the most outstanding. *Meconopsis* were represented by a fine group of *M. integrifolia*, a drift of *M. Baileyi*, *M. Prattii* and the harebell poppy, *M. quintuplinervia*, the handsome and uncommon *M. grandis* and the still more



A SECTION OF MESSRS. BUNYARD'S FINE COLLECTION OF IRIS. THE HANDSOME NEW VARIETY SIRIUS, AN IMPROVED MME. GAUDICHAU, IS SEEN ON THE RIGHT.

uncommon scarlet *M. punicea*. There were several other most interesting and uncommon plants in this exhibit, in the shape of *Ourisia macrocarpa* from New Zealand, *Ourisia coccinea* in full flower, *Anthericum Hookeri*, *Gladiolus grandis*, *Roscoea caulitoides*, *Calceolaria biflora* and a group of dwarf cypripediums from the Andaman Islands, which were most attractive in their rock setting in the centre of the exhibit which was one of the finest exhibits of the kind that has ever been staged at Chelsea by an amateur.

Meconopsis integrifolia and *Baileyi* were well shown by numerous exhibitors of alpinists, indicating that there is evidently a demand for these two species. They are certainly two of the finest representatives of the genus for general garden decoration.

SWEET PEAS.

These favourite annuals were shown to advantage by the various firms which specialise in their culture, and while there was not a novelty that might possibly create enthusiasm in the sweet pea world, there were several attractive introductions that may acquire in course of time a certain measure of popularity. The popular colour classes are already represented by first-class examples, and it is difficult to find a place for newcomers unless they possess distinctive merit of some kind. There was a certain amount of similarity in a few of the peas shown at Chelsea, and there were at least two seedlings of such novel colouring as to defy description by experts. The latest novelties are running chiefly on pink and orange salmon shades, which appeal to the vast majority of growers, but the supreme test of the latter class is their ability to resist the influence of strong sunshine when grown in the open. The method of staging has varied very little in past years, and a change from the recognised treatment would be welcomed.

The flowers in Robert Bolton's exhibit were of exceptional strength, a remark that is applicable alike to old and new varieties. That fine old lavender *R. F. Felton* was as good as it was when first distributed; and Mrs. Searles, of recent appearance, maintained its high reputation as a cerise. Of the novelties staged, *Beattall*, as the name suggests, is the raiser's conception of what an orange-cerise variety should be like as regards size, form, colour and vigour. *Cambria*, deep flushed pink on a white ground, has size and substance and should make a fine garden pea; while a seedling which may be described as an improved *Sunkist*, owing to the cream ground being several shades deeper, is a pleasing flower. A golden salmon seedling was much admired, but opinions differed regarding another seedling of novel colouring which experts could not describe. It is a blood-red or orange-red flower of large size, with a light edge.

To J. Stevenson, Wimborne, belongs the credit of providing the best novelty in the Show. It is a new white called *Purity*, which possesses the solidity or substance that is lacking in existing varieties. The large, broad blooms are carried on extra long stems, and were it not for the fact that it throws a bluish pink rogue, *Purity* would approximate to the perfect white. Like most other rogues, it is a desirable pea. The other novelties



AN ATTRACTIVE GROUP OF HERBACEOUS FLOWERS SHOWN BY MESSRS. BAKERS. THE TROLLIUS VARIETIES IN THE FOREGROUND WERE PARTICULARLY EFFECTIVE.

are *Bullion*, soft orange, which stands a certain amount of sun; *Jay*, a giant specimen of the mid-blue class; and *Lustre*, a vigorous type of carmine rose colour.

Dobbies' brilliant display demonstrated the value of varieties which stand high in the public estimation. In a group of some thirty varieties *Pinkie* was easily first for richness of colour, size of bloom and length of stem; and coming next in the order of merit were *Flamingo*, *Youth*, *Blue Bird*, *Ascot*, *Clarion*, *What Joy*, *Kitty Pierce*, *Idyl* and *Picture*.

Alex. Dickson and Son had three promising novelties in *Hawlmart Flushed Rose*, a fine big frilly flower; an unnamed seedling of carmine colour which acquired distinction by reason of its coppery rose shading; and *Ascot*, a refined pink.

HERBACEOUS FLOWERS, IRIS AND LILIES.

A few days prior to the Show there was considerable doubt whether irises would be represented on account of the lateness of the season, but, as with all Chelseas, exhibitors came up smiling and seldom has the *fleur de luce* been shown in better condition. Messrs. Bunyard excelled with their group, which included many of the old standard varieties and a number of novelties of their own raising shown to the point of perfection. The collection showed the wide colour range and the great divergence in form that are offered with the modern bearded irises. Among the older varieties *Lent A. Williamson*, *Alcazar*, *Souvenir de Mme Gaudichan* and *White Knight* were outstanding, and the novelties of note were *Merope*, a good seedling from *Ambassadeur*; *Menkar*, of a good deep blue; *Capella*, deep rich blue, with a contrast in shades between the falls and the standards; and *Sirius*, a splendid flower reminiscent of *Souvenir de Mme Gaudichan*, but of better and taller habit and a large bloom which, however, lacks the rich colour of *Madame*. Peonies were also shown by Messrs. Bunyard, and this exhibit, besides being excellent in quality, was interesting by reason of the fact that it was the first time that peonies had been exhibited at Chelsea. The

plants were forced—a difficult problem, as trade cultivators who have tried know, and it is evident that Messrs. Bunyard have found the proper treatment, for each plant carried five or six splendid blooms. Singles and doubles were shown, and among the best varieties were *Reine Hortense*, *Duchess de Nemours*, *Cingalee*, a splendid single, and *Glory of Huyst*. Both the irises and the peonies showed the results of skilful and clean cultivation.

Messrs. Wallace staged a fine collection of standard varieties of irises, including *Harmony*, *Prosper Laugier* and *Mme Neubronner*. The plants were all in good condition. The chief feature of the exhibit, however, was a splendid range of lily species, from the dainty *L. rubellum*, excellent for the rock garden, to the handsome *L. regale*. The groups of *L. umbellatum* and *L. martagon* formed fine splashes of brilliant colour to which *L. croceum*, *Willmottiae*, *superbum* and *marmoratum* and *dahuricum* contributed. Two of the most interesting species to the specialist which were shown were *L. parda-boldtii* and *L. Burbankii*. With their background of Japanese maples and the carpet of primulas the whole group was remarkably effective.



A SPLENDID COLLECTION OF LILIES SHOWN BY MESSRS. WALLACE IN THEIR MIXED GROUP.

Delphiniums were to the fore in exhibits by Messrs. Blackmore and Langdon and by Messrs. Hewitts. Seldom have Messrs. Blackmore and Langdon shown finer spikes than on this occasion, particularly of Millicent Blackmore. Among the noteworthy varieties were Lady May and Phyllis, two charming novelties; Howard H. Crane, R. A. Pilkington, Countess Cowley, Lady Edith and Lady Augusta. It was a remarkably fine collection and reflected great credit on the growers. Messrs. Hewitts were not far behind with their collection, which included many of the Wrexham strain with their long tapering spikes. Ruffled Beauty, Joy Bells, Great Strides, King Bladud and The Shah were all well shown, among others. Delphiniums were also a prominent feature in Messrs. Baker's group of herbaceous flowers, which was effectively arranged in the form of a border with delphiniums in the background, lupins forming the intermediate row and trollius in the foreground, the whole forming a most effective *ensemble*. Among the delphiniums, King George, Queen Mary and Lady Faire were good; while Trollius Cod-sall Beauty, of a glorious orange, was most striking. This is a first-rate plant for the bog garden and waterside. In a separate bed they showed a great variety of astilbes, of which the most striking was probably Granat, a real gem for the edge of a pond or stream.

In a mixed group Messrs. Waterer, Sons and Crisp showed several fine varieties of lupins, including the yellow Sunshine, the pink Delight, Chocolate Soldier and the blue Iolanthe, delphiniums, irises and astilbes. The whole group was very well arranged both for colour and height effect. Messrs. Kelway specialised in delphiniums and pyrethrums, both of which were shown in splendid condition. Among the delphiniums, Mrs. James Kelway, Locarno and Smoke of War were good; and among the pyrethrums the brilliant Langport Scarlet and the new rose pink Mrs. James Kelway were two of the best. A few spikes of gladioli were also shown, so that three specialities of the firm were represented in a comparatively small space.

Mr. Amos Perry always stages an interesting group, and on this occasion he showed a great variety of hardy border, rock and waterside plants, including several aquatics and a group of hardy ferns in which he specialises. Saxifrages and dwarf phlox in variety, trollius, astilbes, polyanthus and primulas were a feature along with two species of trillium, excellent for carpeting in the woodland garden, and a wide range of dwarf irises. Astilbe Davidii and Arendsii Avalanche were two outstanding varieties.

Messrs. Orpington Nurseries staged a representative collection of iris varieties; and Messrs. Carter Page were represented with a fine group of dahlias of admirable quality. Dahlias were also shown by Messrs. Cheals. In a mixed group Messrs. Bees showed some fine trollius, gailardias, aquilegias, Canterbury bells, pyrethrums and several good standard brooms. Lupins were well shown by Mr. G. H. Dalrymple, in addition to his primulas, and there were many charming shades in the varieties exhibited. There were several other exhibits of herbaceous plants, including a good display of



PRIMULA HYBRIDA SIR GEORGE THURSBY OF A FINE DEEP CRIMSON SHADE, SHOWN BY MR. G. H. DALRYMPLE.

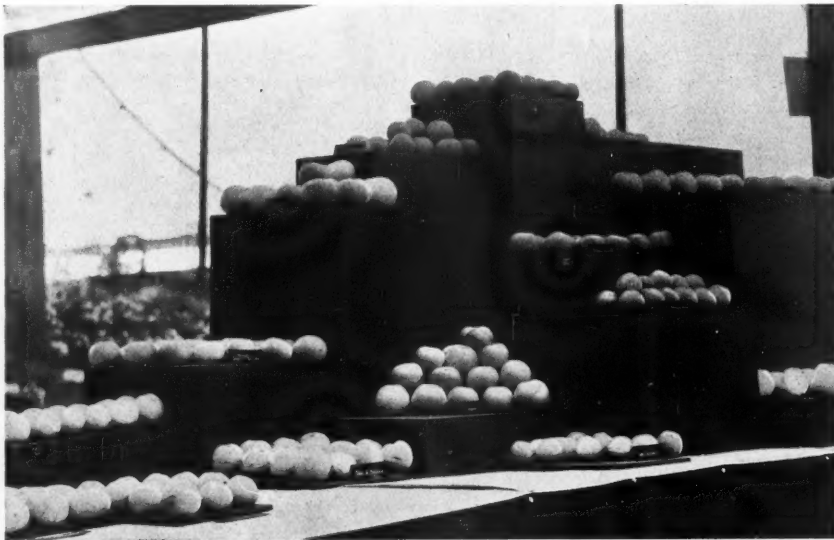
aquilegias by Messrs. Daniels; a group of Pentstemon heterophyllus True Blue, a real good thing which looked most effective massed along with the fine double pink White Ladies, shown by Mr. Isaac House. Mr. Herbert showed a small group of the fragrant pinks, one of the best strains for garden decoration. Dahlias were also well shown by Mr. John Forbes of Hawick and Messrs. Fairbairn of Carlisle.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

Only a few exhibits were devoted to fruit and vegetables, but although they were few in number, each was excellent in quality, as one has come to expect at Chelsea. Once more the Hon. Vicary Gibbs and his gardener, Mr. Edwin Beckett, showed the ideal in vegetable culture and in the staging of vegetables. With every Chelsea it would seem that Mr. Beckett could do no better, but, nevertheless, the exhibit always shows improvement. This year, on account of the most trying weather conditions, Mr. Beckett deserved more praise than ever for the magnificent collection, comprising practically every kind of vegetable, each in perfect condition as regards size, colour and quality, and each admirably shown. As a grower and exhibitor of vegetables Mr. Beckett has no equal, and gardeners owe a debt to the Hon. Vicary Gibbs and to Mr. Beckett for their labours in staging such fine vegetable groups every year, which stand as a perfect object lesson in vegetable cultivation.

The keeping qualities of home-grown fruit were ably demonstrated by Messrs. Bunyard of Maidstone in their exhibit of apples stored in an ordinary thatched fruit room without cold storage treatment as so many people are apt to believe. The fruits are not even wrapped in grease-proof paper, but only in ordinary paper. The striking feature of this exhibit was the way in which the fruits were shown, and in this connection we would congratulate Messrs. Bunyard on their initiative on breaking away from the stereotyped style of exhibiting and on bringing Cubism into the realm of horticulture. The apples were placed not in baskets, but in lines and rows on black square blocks of wood laid on a straw matting. The blocks were of different sizes and built up to form a design resembling a modern New York skyscraper. Although it may not have appealed to all, to us it was most effective. The style, indeed, demands a greater standard from the exhibitor himself, particularly in the case of fruit, since each fruit must be perfect in quality, as there is none covered. The black background and the Cubist design threw up the apples in perfect relief. The outline of the fruits was given expression and the colouring was greatly intensified. We understand that the design was the work of a Mr. Day, resident in Maidstone, who co-operated

with Messrs. Bunyard in this unique effort. Among the varieties shown, all of which were in splendid condition, were Cox's Orange, Barrack Beauty, Claygate Pearmain and Lane's Prince Albert. The style of exhibiting is novel and fresh in keeping with modern expression in art, and Messrs. Bunyard's initial effort may open up vistas to other exhibitors as to how to improve on the now tiresome method of banks and masses of flowers.



MESSRS. BUNYARD'S NOVEL EXHIBIT OF APPLES.